

REVISED

FORBES and SMITH



For Frances and Mayor from a "poor relation"

October 10, 1939



MODERN VERSE

REVISED

Book One

BY

ANITA P. FORBES

AND

ALBERT S. SMITH



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INTRODUCTION

Long before there was printing of books, there was poetry. In the Middle Ages minstrels went from castle to castle chanting ballads to their listeners. And even before that, we are certain that poems were made which recounted stirring tales of adventure, of heroism, of suffering, of joy, of various experiences of life. In the great moments of life—times of rejoicing, of grief, of ceremony, of worship, of death—men turned instinctively to poetry. After battle, the victors loved to feast and to listen to songs of victory.

Shakespeare is the greatest of English poets and the most fortunate in that his poetry is spoken. It is said that in his time, the Elizabethan Age, men and women listened enchanted to his poetry as it rolled from the mouths of actors. Even now, audiences thrill to the beauty of the lines. All of which is by way of saying that poetry is delightful to man.

Poetry is the combination of high thought and emotion. Man loves, hates, fears, rejoices, grieves, aspires now as he did hundreds of years ago and as he will hundreds of years hence. Hence poetry, which is the expression of these feelings,

has a constant charm and appeal.

The poet lives in the world as we do. He sees the same earth, sky, cities, buildings, and people. He goes to war and suffers through that experience. He brings to our attention familiar sights and sounds and experiences and asks us to view them with him. He may have more sensitiveness, more imagination, more penetration, more power of expression than we, but if he is a first-rate poet, he talks in language which we can understand. To be clear to one's readers is the greatest art in

communication. Let us not build a wall of fear or prejudice between ourselves and poetry, because poetry will prove to be a familiar territory to all of us. Our minds, our imaginations, and our emotions make us kin to the poets. Our sense of beauty is a passport to this field of literature.

You must read poetry aloud. Much of its beauty is imprisoned until a good reader interprets it. If you are not a good reader, cultivate the art. Create a retreat for yourself and read aloud the poems which are meaningful for you.

In this book, *Modern Verse*, the first group of poems—"Poems Say Many Things," has been prepared in order that you may explore poetry for yourself. You will be interested to see how varied are the subjects of poems. You will be interested to see how many of them deal with subjects very familiar. Swimming is an everyday experience; what will a poem say about it? "Crosson's Flight" (page 16) deals with a story which was once a news item. How will the poem differ from the news item? Explore this section for yourself and read and interpret many of the poems. Return from your exploration to your class and read a poem to the class. Discuss it with your classmates. Then listen while they read other poems.

The second section, "Poems Convey Feeling," is a section for study. It helps you to understand how poetry deals chiefly with feelings and how it should awaken feelings in us, the readers. Poems have this effect upon us because they call up similar experiences of our own. The poet awakens a responsive chord in us and plays upon it until we feel deeper harmonies. Our eyes see new beauties, our emotions are refined and elevated. Beauty of all art will have the same effect upon us.

The poems in the next three sections: "Poems Can Sing and Dance," "Poems Help Us to See," and "Poems Are Built for Effect" have been chosen for you to consider seriously because

they bring to your attention some of the special qualities of poetry. Poetry is the music of words, but in a sense there is poetry in song, in music, in painting, and in architecture. You and your teacher will discover and discuss some of these ideas about poetry as you proceed with the book in this connection.

Who are the men and women who wrote these poems? Consult the biographical sketches to find out about them. Knowing about the poet often helps us to understand the poem. Why, for example, does John Masefield write so many poems about the sea? Was he ever a sailor? Did he live near the sea? These and many other questions arise as you read poetry.

If you are scholarly, you will examine the section called "The Craftsmanship of the Poet" and learn how the poet achieves some of his effects. Perhaps you will write some poetry.

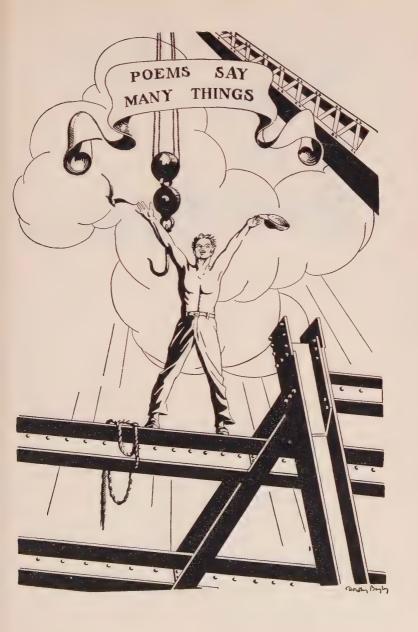
But the chief thing is to read poetry and to let it have its way with you.

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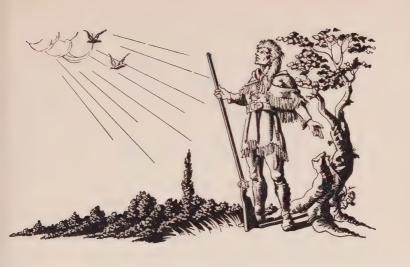
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DANIEL BOONE

Daniel Boone at twenty-one Came with his tomahawk, knife and gun Home from the French and Indian War To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore. He married his maid with a golden band, Builded his house and cleared his land; But the deep woods claimed their son again And he turned his face from the homes of men. Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone, The Mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone, Braving the Shawnee's jealous wrath, He made his way on the Warrior's Path. Alone he trod the shadowed trails; But he was the lord of a thousand vales As he roved Kentucky, far and near, Hunting the buffalo, elk and deer.

What joy to see, what joy to win So fair a land for his kith and kin, Of streams unstained and woods unhewn! "Elbowroom!" laughed Daniel Boone.

On the Wilderness Road that his axmen made The settlers flocked to the first stockade; The deerskin shirts and the coonskin caps Filed through the glens and the mountain gaps; And hearts were high in the fateful spring When the land said "Nay!" to the stubborn king. While the men of the East of farm and town Strove with the troops of the British Crown, Daniel Boone from a surge of hate Guarded a nation's westward gate. Down on the fort in a wave of flame The Shawnee horde and the Mingo 1 came, And the stout logs shook in a storm of lead; But Boone stood firm and the savage fled. Peace! And the settlers flocked anew, The farm lands spread, the town lands grew; But Daniel Boone was ill at ease When he saw the smoke in his forest trees. "There'll be no game in the country soon. Elbowroom!" cried Daniel Boone.

Straight as a pine at sixty-five— Time enough for a man to thrive— He launched his bateau ² on Ohio's breast

¹ Shawnee . . . Mingo, Indian tribes.

² bateau, French word for boat.

And his heart was glad as he oared it west; There were kindly folk and his own true blood Where great Missouri rolls his flood; New woods, new streams and room to spare, And Daniel Boone found comfort there. Yet far he ranged toward the sunset still, Where the Kansas runs and the Smoky Hill, And the prairies toss, by the south wind blown; And he killed his bear on the Yellowstone. But ever he dreamed of new domains With vaster woods and wider plains; Ever he dreamed of a world-to-be Where there are no bounds and the soul is free. At four-score-five, still stout and hale, He heard a call to a farther trail; So he turned his face where the stars are strewn; "Elbowroom!" sighed Daniel Boone.

Down the Milky Way in its banks of blue Far he has paddled his white canoe
To the splendid quest of the tameless soul—
He has reached the goal where there is no goal.
Now he rides and rides an endless trail
On the Hippogriff of the flaming tail
Or the Horse of the Stars with the golden mane,
As he rode the first of the blue-grass strain.
The joy that lies in the Search he seeks
On breathless hills with crystal peaks;
He makes his camp on heights untrod,

¹ Hippogriff, a fabulous creature, part griffin and part horse.

² Horse of the Stars, the constellation called Pegasus.

The steps of the Shrine, alone with God.
Through the woods of the vast, on the plains of Space
He hunts the pride of the Mammoth 1 race
And the Dinosaur 2 of the triple horn,
The Manticore and the Unicorn, 3
As once by the broad Missouri's flow
He followed the elk and the buffalo.
East of the Sun and west of the Moon,
"Elbowroom!" laughs Daniel Boone.

Arthur Guiterman

SWIMMERS

I took the crazy short-cut to the bay;
Over a fence or two and through a hedge,
Jumping a private road, along the edge
Of backyards full of drying wash it lay.
I ran, electric with elation,
Sweating, impetuous and wild
For a swift plunge in the sea that smiled,
Quiet and luring, half a mile away.
This was the final thrill, the last sensation
That capped four hours of violence and laughter:
To have, with casual friends and casual jokes,
Hard sport, a cold swim and fresh linen after . . .
And now, the last set being played and over,
I hurried past the ruddy lakes of clover;

¹ Mammoth, a large species of elephant, now extinct.

² Dinosaur, a prehistoric monster.

³ Manticore . . . Unicorn, fabulous creatures.

I swung my racket at astonished oaks, My arm still tingling from aggressive strokes. Tennis was over for the day— I took the leaping short-cut to the bay.

Then the swift plunge into the cool, green dark—
The windy waters rushing past me, through me;
Filled with a sense of some heroic lark,
Exulting in a vigor clean and roomy.
Swiftly I rose to meet the feline sea
That sprang upon me with a hundred claws,
And grappled, pulled me down and played with me.
Then, tense and breathless in the tightening pause
When one wave grows into a toppling acre,
I dived headlong into the foremost breaker;
Pitting against a cold and turbulent strife
The feverish intensity of life.

Out of the foam I lurched and rode the wave, Swimming, hand over hand, against the wind; I felt the sea's vain pounding, and I grinned Knowing I was its master, not its slave. Oh, the proud total of those lusty hours—The give and take of rough and vigorous tussles With happy sinews and rejoicing muscles; The knowledge of my own miraculous powers, Feeling the force in one small body bent To curb and tame this towering element.

Back on the curving beach I stood again, Facing the bath-house, when a group of men, Stumbling beneath some sort of weight, went by.

I could not see the hidden thing they carried;

I only heard: "He never gave a cry—"
"Who's going to tell her?—" "Yes, and they just married—"

"Such a good swimmer, too." . . . And then they passed, Leaving the silence throbbing and aghast.

A moment there my buoyant heart hung slack, And then the glad, barbaric blood came back Singing a livelier tune; and in my pulse Beat the great wave that surges and exults. . . . Why I was there and whither I must go I did not care. Enough for me to know The same unresting struggle and the glowing Beauty of spendthrift hours, bravely showing Life, an adventure perilous and gay; And Death, a long and vivid holiday.

Louis Untermeyer

THE HIGHWAYMAN

PART I

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,

The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas, The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor, And the highwayman came riding—

Riding-riding-

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doeskin;

They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle, His pistol butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,

And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter, Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;

His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay, But he loved the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's red-lipped daughter,

Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say-

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight, But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light; Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,

Then look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,

But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burn' like a brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;

And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and gal loped away to the West.

PART II

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come a noon;

And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moor When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purpl moor,

A red-coat troop came marching— Marching—marching—

King George's men came marching, up to the old inr door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his a instead,

But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;

Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!

There was death at every window;

And Hell at one dark window;

For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;

They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!

"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.

She heard the dead man say—

Look for me by moonlight;

Watch for me by moonlight;

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though Hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!

She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!

Up, she stood to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,

She would not risk their hearing: she would not strive again;

For the road lay bare in the moonlight; Blank and bare in the moonlight;

And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;

Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill, The highwayman came riding,

Riding, riding!

The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot-tlot, in the echoing night!

Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light! Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,

Then her finger moved in the moonlight,

Her musket shattered the moonlight,

Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know who stood

Bowed with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!

Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched 1 to hear

How Bess, the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,

With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high!

Blood-red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;

When they shot him down on the highway, Down like a dog on the highway,

And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,

When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,

When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,

¹ blanched, turned white.

A highwayman comes riding— Riding—riding—

A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark innyard;

And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;

He whisties a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter, Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

Alfred Noves



THE DAWN PATROL

Sometimes I fly at dawn above the sea,
Where, underneath, the restless waters flow—
Silver, and cold, and slow.
Dim in the East there burns a new-born sun
Whose rosy gleams along the ripples run,
Save where the mist droops low,
Hiding the level loneliness from me.

And now appears beneath the milk-white haze
A little fleet of anchored ships, which lie
In clustered company.
And seem as they are yet fast bound by sleep
Although the day has long begun to peep,
With red-inflamed eye,
Along the still, deserted ocean ways.

The fresh, cold wind of dawn blows on my face
As in the sun's raw heart I swiftly fly,
And watch the seas glide by.
Scarce human seem I, moving through the skies,
And far removed from warlike enterprise—
Like some great gull on high
Whose white and gleaming wings beat on through space.

Then do I feel with God quite, quite alone High in the virgin morn, so white and still And free from human ill: My prayers transcend 1 my feeble earth-bound plaints—As though I sang among the happy Saints
With many a holy thrill—
As though the glowing sun were God's bright Throne.

My flight is done. I cross the line of foam
That breaks around a town of gray and red,
Whose streets and squares lie dead
Beneath the silent dawn—then am I proud
That England's peace to guard I am allowed;—
Then bow my humble head
In thanks to Him Who brings me safely home.

Paul Bewsher

CROSSON'S FLIGHT

Winging down the misty trail
In a curtained plane—
Bringing home two pals who won't
Fly the course again.

Purring from the tundra waste With a heavy heart Bearing back two flying chums— Best of friends must part.

Zooming down the western coast, Death within your crew. . . .

¹ transcend, to go beyond the limit of, or to surpass.

Will and Wiley is silent there Flying through the blue.

Droning through the ghostly mists Torn in heart and mind, Crosson brings his buddies home— Theirs the ties that bind.

Coming through the black of night....
Hear the motors roar!
Will and Wiley coming back—
They will fly no more.

Through the faintly breaking day Crosson's plane appears; Death can never, never part These three musketeers.

There it dips upon the wind, Flashing in the sun . . . "Good and faithful servants all!" Says a voice, "Well done!"

Ticking off the lonely miles, Wiley, Will and Joe; Two are stark and silent there But they know . . . they know!

Bodies in the darkened hull But their spirits ride

¹ Will Rogers and Wiley Post.

Up in front, and Crosson knows They are at his side.

There! The final landing's made Near the dark, fresh loam . . . Will and Wiley know the truth— Joe has brought them home!

H. I. Phillips

TRAMP SHIP

She's creeping slowly up past Quarantine,
A shameless, shaggy rover of the sea;
A commercial vagrant, dirty and serene,
A salty chevalier 1 of beggary.

She'll bluster till her anchor clatters out— She'll fidget, yank and grumble with the tide; Yet she grins a little 'neath her battered snout, Proud because there's cargo in her hide.

The stuff her better sisters wouldn't take,
Unsavory bits that lost the regular run;
She fetched 'em 'cross the world for she must make
A little profit when the year is done.

No silken gowns sweep o'er her painted boards, She comes or goes and no one seems to care;

¹ chevalier, a knight.

A little fuel and grub are her rewards, She'll leave at any time for anywhere.

She wins no admiration from the piers,
Contempt is written in each loafer's look;
But she knows the worth of lubber cheers,
And she knows a better road off Sandy Hook.

Her sides have felt the sun off Dondra Head, She's slopped her share of sea in Skagerrak, She's been on a spree or two in sunny Said, But once again she's bringing cargo back.

Just a hungry hobo, hobbling up the bay, Looking for a handout and a crew; Then down the world upon some waterway, Kicking along a road that's always new.

Robert N. Rose

TO THE YEARNERS

Do you feel the call of the sudden Spring?

Do you long for the Open Road?

Do you crave to fly with an eager wing

To a beautiful antipode? 4

¹ Dondra Head, a cape on an island in the Dutch East Indies.

² Skagerrak, a strait between Denmark and Norway.

³ Said, Port Said, an Egyptian seaport.

⁴ antipode, a direct opposite.

Do you long for the waves and the Open Sea?

And yearn for the Varying Shore?

Do you burn to be free, be free, be free

Where your soul may soar and soar?

Do you ache for the Land of a Fairer Day?
Are you sick of the Beaten Track?
Do you hark to the call of the Far Away?
Well, don't let me keep you back.

Franklin P. Adams

THE PEDDLER

I peddles pencils on Broadway.

I know it ain't a great career.

It's dull an' footless—so folks say—

And yet I've done it twenty year,

Held down my same old corner here

An' never missed a day.

I peddles, an' I watch the crowd.

I knows 'em—all they say an' do—
As if they shouted it out loud.

I look 'em through an' through an' through!
By crabs! they'd kill me if they knew—
They are so fine an' proud.

I knows 'em! Oh, it's in their eyes,
It's in their walk, it's in their lips!
They tries to bluff it—but I'm wise!
An' they're just children when you strips
The smirk off; an' the clerks, the chips,
Stands clean of all the lies.

I've watched so long, I scarcely see
The clo'es—it's just the faces now.

Somehow I knows their misery,
An' wonders—when? An' where? An' how?

Elbow an' shoulder—on they plow—
An' yet somehow they speaks to me.

I'm like the priest—an' all day long
They tells me what they've thought an' done,
An' some is flabby, some is strong,
An' some of 'em was dead an' gone
Before they ever saw the sun. . . .
I know where some of 'em belong.

I peddles pencils. Christ! An' they?
They does the things that seems worth while.
I watch 'em growin' old an' gray,
An' queer about the eyes, an' smile
To see 'em when they've made their pile,
A-totterin' up Broadway.

Hermann Hagedorn

THE WEARY BLUES

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune, Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,

I heard a Negro play.

Down on Lenox Avenue the other night By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light

He did a lazy sway. . . . He did a lazy sway. . . .

To the tune o' those Weary Blues.

With his ebony hands on each ivory key He made that poor piano moan with melody.

O Blues!

Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool. Sweet Blues!

Coming from a black man's soul.

O Blues!

In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—

> "Ain't got nobody in all this world, Ain't got nobody but maself. I's gwine to quit ma frownin' And put ma troubles on the shelf."

Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor. He played a few chords; then he sang some more—

"I got the Weary Blues And I can't be satisfied. Got the Weary Blues And can't be satisfiedI ain't happy no mo'
And I wish that I had died."
And far into the night he crooned that tune.
The stars went out and so did the moon.
The singer stopped playing and went to bed
While the Weary Blues echoed through his head.
He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

Langston Hughes

FOG

The fog comes on little cat feet.

It sits looking over harbor and city on silent haunches and then moves on.

Carl Sandburg

STRONG MEN LOVE A BUILDING

Men without fire sunk in their veins View with alarm Tall buildings, but brave men's, strong men's Hearts grow warm

On seeing slim black girders blossom To a stony flower. Men who nourish dreams in their breasts Love a tower

And cold hard strength lifting upward A proud bright head:
Strong men mate their strength with strength.
Little men go to bed,

Afraid of the dark, afraid of love, Of anything That would poise on the high windy air On a stone wing.

They look with pity and regret at steel Flanked against the sky, But strong men learn to love a building Before they die.

Willard Maas

THE PARK

All day the children play along the walks,
A robin sings high in a brave, green tree,
The city lifts gray temples at its marge,
But still it keeps the heart of Arcady.²

Still blows a flower in the waving grass, Lifting a face of beauty to the sun;

¹ marge, edge.

² Aready, the poetic form for Arcadia, a mountainous district in ancient Greece, where shepherds lived an ideal life. Arcadia (or Arcady) is now usually used to signify a countryside of perfect beauty, quiet, and peace.

Still bursts the bough in joyous burgeoning ¹—Still comes a lover when the day is done.

Here the white moon, with magic in her train, Stoops from the starry lanes of paradise, And, with her ancient witchery of dreams, Lays some new hope upon a poet's eyes.

See, on that bench beneath the drooping bough,
Did not you grief-bowed figure lift its face?
Look how the moonlight finds him through the leaves,
Touching his brow with sudden crowns of grace!

O little park, O little land of hope, Snatched from the world and held for God and me, Still through thy walks the wistful cities go, Searching the dream that yet might set them free!

Dana Burnet

¹ burgeoning, budding.



ELLIS PARK

Little park that I pass through, I carry off a piece of you Every morning hurrying down To my work-day in the town; Carry you for country there To make the city ways more fair. I take your trees, And your breeze, Your greenness, Your cleanness. Some of your shade, some of your sky, Some of your calm as I go by; Your flowers to trim The pavements grim; Your space for room in the jostled street, And grass for carpet to my feet; Your fountains take and sweet bird calls To sing me from my office walls. All that I can see I carry off with me. But you never miss my theft, So much treasure you have left. As I find you, fresh at morning, So I find you, home returning— Nothing lacking from your grace. All your riches wait in place For me to borrow On the morrow.

Do you hear this praise of you, Little park that I pass through?

Helen Hoyt

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

May is building her house. With apple blooms She is roofing over the glimmering rooms; Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams, And, spinning all day at her secret looms, With arras 1 of leaves each wind-sprayed wall She pictureth over, and peopleth it all With echoes and dreams,

And singing of streams.

May is building her house. Of petal and blade; Of the roots of the oak, is the flooring made, With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover, Each small miracle over and over. And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star, And her rustling doorways, ever ajar With the coming and going Of fair things blowing, The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;

¹ arras, tapestry.

From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea! out of the winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

Richard Le Gallienne

THE PRAIRIE FIRE

O, the red tongues! The leavings of the fire!

Red sunshine in October's smoky air With all dry grasses rustling in the breeze Where fireguards saved them. But most fields and hills Lie black, and one can smell and taste burned grass.

Grim landscape, grim as death! Leavings of fire! Wild things to whom the grass was as a forest Woven with saving colors, naked, famishing, Face sharp-eyed foes. Next season's bud is scorched, Her butterfly roasted. Only the green-lobed cactus, Cooked to pale yellow, writhes half dead.

Red sunshine,

When yesterday that pillar of leaning smoke
On the north wind staggering down scared every eye.
Men ran to the furrows to kindle wavering lines
Of backfire that must eat against the wind
To meet the blaze racing through delicate grass

A-flash like tinder. Desperately they ran With water and cloth to beat at the flying flame While arms might swing, or eyes or lungs endure The pain of the burning air. And where blue-stem grew The flame rose yards, and the counter-fires leaped Whirling, and their red wings embracing lifted them Into the roaring smoke.

O, the red leaping!
Covertless coyote and rabbit went scurrying,
Little gray birds in pockets of fire
Fell blinded and crazy, the while enormous
Tumbleweeds ablaze came rolling, rolling, rolling
Over the widest guards.

O, the red sunshine! Wreckage and ashes where wheat ricks clustered ready, With the threshing machine among them.

That mound was a barn;
The straw heaped over poles flared up like a torch;
A youth rushed in to rescue his horse, but the creature
Wild-eyed with stupor and terror kept leaping and
cowering.

We heard his voice ring out from the roar of the red tongues.

Ashes covered their bones.

The leavings of fire!
The smile in his eyes, the laughter, the soft boyish
mouth—
Yesterday's sunshine!

The praise from his sweetheart, the tunes of the first adoration

A-ripple, a-dance in his breast-

O, the leavings of fire!

Edwin Ford Piper

THE WATER-LILY

The Lily floated white and red,
Pouring its scent up to the sun;
The rapt sun floating overhead
Watched no such other one.

None marked it as it spread abroad And beautifully learned to cease: But Beauty is its own reward, Being a form of Peace.

Robert M. B. Nichols

AFTER APPLE-PICKING

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.

POEMS SAY MANY THINGS

Essence of winter sleep is on the night, The scent of apples: I am drowsing off. I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight I got from looking through a pane of glass I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough And held against the world of hoary grass. It melted, and I let it fall and break. But I was well Upon my way to sleep before it fell, And I could tell What form my dreaming was about to take. Magnified apples appear and disappear, Stem end and blossom end. And every fleck of russet showing clear. My instep arch not only keeps the ache, It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round. I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend. And I keep hearing from the cellar bin The rumbling sound Of load on load of apples coming in. For I have had too much Of apple-picking: I am overtired Of the great harvest I myself desired. There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch, Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall. For all That struck the earth, No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble, Went surely to the cider-apple heap As of no worth. One can see what will trouble

This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is. Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

Robert Frost



BROKEN DRAKE

Through harrowing hours now, O broken drake, I've watched you, from my shelter in these reeds, Struggling to lift your splendor from this lake That holds you, crippled, in a net of weeds.

How desperately you circle round and round Your patch of open water in the rice, Seeking to break from chill white nights that hound You down with inexorable 1 inching ice.

What rending hunger in your calls, what fright, When, wedge on wedge, the homing ducks swing low, Gabbling their counsel to aid you in your plight, To win you from the clutch of the grinding floe.

What flutter of shattered bone, what anguished cry And frenzied frustrate 2 lunge, O lonely thing, When, wedge on wedge, they wheel and let you lie—To sink back, panting, on your splintered wing.

Futile your hope; November night will crowd Your flesh to sleep on a green and glassy bed, Cover you gently with a snowy shroud, And chant for you in the rushes at your head.

Lew Sarett

¹ inexorable, unrelenting.

² frustrate, vain.

BROTHER BEASTS

Winter is here
And there are no leaves
On the naked trees,
Save stars twinkling
As the wind blows.
Soft to the branches
The little screech-owl
Silently comes,
Silently goes,
With weird tremolos.

I would go out
And gather the stars
The wind shakes down,
Were they not scattered
So far in the West.
I would go ask
The little screech-owl
If he finds ease
There in his nest
After his quest.

I would go learn
If the small gray mouse
Who sets up house
In the frozen meadow
Dreams of the stars.

¹ tremolos, quivers in voice.

Or what he thinks There in the dark, When flake on flake Of white snow bars Him in with its spars.

I would go out
And learn these things
That I may know
What dream or desire
Troubles my brothers
In nest or hole.
For even as I
The owl and the mouse,
Or blinded mole
With unborn soul,
May have some goal.

Cale Young Rice

MOO!

Summer is over, the old cow said,
And they'll shut me up in the draughty shed
To milk me by lamplight in the cold,
But I won't give much for I am old.
It's long ago that I came here
Gay and slim as a woodland deer;
It's long ago that I heard the roar
Of Smith's white bull by the sycamore.

And now there are bones where my flesh should be, My backbone sags like an old rooftree,
And an apple snatched in a moment's frolic
Is just so many days of colic.
I'm neither a Jersey nor Holstein now,
But only a faded sort of cow.
My calves are veal, and I had as lief
That I could lay me down as beef.
Somehow, they always kill by halves;
Why not take me when they take my calves?
Birch turns yellow and sumac red,
I've seen this all before, she said.
I'm tired of the field and tired of the shed.
There's no more grass, there's no more clover,
Summer is over, summer is over.

Robert Hillyer

MY DOG

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me—
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine, There is a little dog of mine With cold black nose that sniffs around In search of what things may be found In pocket, or some nook hard by Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs The fringes of rebellious rugs, Or with the mischief of the pup Chews all my shoes and slippers up, And when he's done it to the core With eyes all eager pleads for more.

Somewhere upon his hinder legs My little doggie sits and begs, And in a wistful minor tone Pleads for the pleasures of the bone— I pray it be his owner's whim To yield, and grant the same to him.

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by some garden-gate,
With eyes alert and tail attent—
You know the kind of tail that's meant—
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

Somewhere a little dog is seen, His nose two shaggy paws between, Flat on his stomach, one eye shut Held fast in dreamy slumber, but The other open, ready for His master coming through the door.

John Kendrick Bangs

THE THOROUGHBRED

There's comfort in a horse's lean brown thighs, The feel of muscles where your body clings; Lightning and thunder in his brilliant eyes, Running wild music as he boldly swings One with the wind when dizzy morning flings Flurries of color down the whirling skies, And when the clang of hoofs on gravel rings. There's comfort in a horse's lean brown thighs.

There's something pleasant in a stable's tang— The drowsy dogs, the buzz of flies, the bang Of leather harness, and the careless men. There's something kind and beautiful, I think, About a horse that bends its head to drink, Then flings it into sculptured bronze again.

Helene Magaret



ETIQUETTE

The Gossips tell a story of the Sparrow and the Cat,
The Feline thin and hungry and the Bird exceeding fat.
With eager, famished energy and claws of gripping steel,
Puss pounced upon the Sparrow and prepared to make a
meal.

The Sparrow never struggled when he found that he was caught

(If somewhat slow in action he was mighty quick of thought),

But chirped in simple dignity that seemed to fit the case, "No Gentleman would ever eat before he'd washed his face!"

This hint about his Manners wounded Thomas like a knife

(For Cats are great observers of the Niceties of Life);

He paused to lick his paws, which seemed the Proper Thing to do,—

And, chirruping derisively, away the Sparrow flew!

In helpless, hopeless hunger at the Sparrow on the bough, Poor Thomas glowered longingly, and vowed a Solemn Vow:

"Henceforth I'll eat my dinner first, then wash myself!"—And that's

The Universal Etiquette for Educated Cats.

Arthur Guiterman

SMELLS (JUNIOR)

My Daddy smells like tobacco and books, Mother, like lavender and listerine; Uncle John carries a whiff of cigars, Nannie smells starchy and soapy and clean.

Shandy, my dog, has a smell of his own (When he's been out in the rain he smells most);
But Katie, the cook, is more splendid than all—
She smells exactly like hot buttered toast!

Christopher Morley

JUSTICE

Michael, come in! Stop crying at the door.
Come in and see the evil you have done.
Here is your sister's doll with one leg gone,
Naked and helpless on the playroom floor.
"Poor child! poor child! now he can never stand.
With one leg less he could not even sit!"
She mourned, but first, with swift avenging hand,
She smote, and I am proud of her for it.

Michael, my sympathies are all for you.
Your cherub mouth, your miserable eyes,
Your gray-blue smock tear-spattered and your cries
Shatter my heart, but what am I to do?

He was her baby and the fear of bears
Lay heavy on him so he could not sleep
But in the crook of her dear arm, she swears.
So, Michael, she was right and you must weep.

Aline Kilmer

THE ANXIOUS FARMER

It was awful long ago
That I put those seeds around;
And I guess I ought to know
When I stuck 'em in the ground,
'Cause I noted down the day
In a little diary book—
It's gotten losted somewhere, and
I don't know where to look.

But I'm certain anyhow
They've been planted most a week;
And it must be time by now
For their little sprouts to peek.
They've been watered every day
With a very speshul care,
And once or twice I've dug 'em up to
see if they was there.

I fixed the dirt in humps
Just the way they said I should;
And I crumbled all the lumps
Just as finely as I could.

And I found a nangle-worm
A-poking up his head,—
He maybe feeds on seeds and such,
and so I squushed him dead.

A seed's so very small,
And dirt all looks the same;—
How can they know at all
The way they ought to aim?
And so I'm waiting round
In case of any need;
A farmer ought to do his best for
every single seed!

Burges Johnson



INCORRIGIBLE

I guess I'm bad as I can be
'Cause after uncle found and yanked me
Out of that old apple-tree,
And after dad came home and spanked me,
And while my teacher told me things
About the narrow path of duty,
And how an education brings
The only truly joy and beauty,
And while she said she didn't doubt
They'd wasted all the good they'd taught me,
I had to grin, to think about
The fun I had before they caught me.

Burges Johnson

LITTLE PAN 1

Out on the hill—by an autumn-tree
As red as his cheek in the weather—
He waved a sumac-torch of glee
And preened, like a scarlet feather,
A branch of maple bright on his breast
And shook an oak in his cap;
And the dance of his heels on the rocky crest
Was a woodpecker's tap-tap-tap.

The eyes of a squirrel were quick in his head And the grace of a deer in his shoulder,

¹ Pan, Greek God of nature who dwelt in the woods and fields.

And never a cardinal beckoned so red
As his torch when he leapt on a boulder;
A robin exclaiming he mocked in a voice
Which hurried the heavens around him.
What could we do but attend and rejoice,
Celia and I who had found him!

He spied us at last, though we hid by a pine;
And before he might vanish in smoke
I tried to induce him to give us a sign,
But he stopped in his dance when I spoke—
"O tell me your name and the hill you inhabit!"
He curled round his tree like a cat;
"They call me," he cried, as he fled like a rabbit,
"Donovan's damned little brat!"

Witter Bynner

THE DEW-LIGHT

The Dew-Man comes over the mountains wide,
Over the deserts of sand,
With his bag of clear drops
And his brush of feathers,
He scatters brightness,
The white bunnies beg him for dew.
He sprinkles their fur . . .
They shake themselves.
All the time he is singing,
The unknown world is beautiful!

He polishes flowers,
Humming, "Oh, beautiful!"
He sings in the soft light
That grows out of the dew;
Out of the misty dew-light that leans over him
He makes his song.

It is beautiful, the unknown world!

Hilda Conkling

THE SHADOW PEOPLE

Old lame Bridget doesn't hear Fairy music in the grass When the gloaming's on the mere 1 And the shadow people pass: Never hears their slow gray feet Coming from the village street Just beyond the parson's wall, Where the clover globes are sweet And the mushroom's parasol Opens in the moonlit rain. Every night I hear them call From their long and merry train. Old lame Bridget says to me, "It is just your fancy, child." She cannot believe I see Laughing faces in the wild,

¹ gloaming on the mere, twilight on the lake.

Hands that twinkle in the sedge Bowing at the water's edge Where the finny minnows quiver, Shaping on a blue wave's ledge Bubble foam to sail the river. And the sunny hands to me Beckon ever, beckon ever. Oh! I would be wild and free And with the shadow people be.

Francis Ledwidge

A SANDAL STRING

No more than this: a sandal string.

Some little child of Egypt wore

The sandal, and has left—a string . . .

No more.

Yet fingers tied it when it tore With too much dizzy frolicking Of warm brown feet across the floor.

And when death came in like a king Silently through the bolted door Some mother kept a sandal string . . . No more.

Joseph Auslander

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors 1 just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

¹ impostors, deceivers.

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney, Folk dance like a wave of the sea; My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet, My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin: They read in their books of prayer; I read in my book of songs I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time, To Peter sitting in state, He will smile on the three old spirits, But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry, Save by an evil chance, And the merry love the fiddle, And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me, They will all come up to me, With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!" And dance like a wave of the sea.

William B. Yeats



MUSIC

What language can tell us What no other tells? In the ultimate word Only music excels.

Do not try to explain What its lightnings distil. Let it drench you in sound, Let it say what it will.

Agnes Lee

THE REFLECTION

I have not heard her voice, nor seen her face, Nor touched her hand; And yet some echo of her woman's grace I understand.

I have no picture of her lovelihood, Her smile, her tint; But that she is both beautiful and good I have true hint.

In all that my friend thinks and says, I see
Her mirror true;
His thought of her is gentle; she must be
All gentle too.

In all his grief or laughter, work or play,
Each mood and whim,
How brave and tender, day by common day,
She speaks through him!

Therefore I say I know her, be her face
Or dark or fair—
For when he shows his heart's most secret place
I see her there!

Christopher Morley

MEN

I like men.
They stride about,
They reach in their pockets
And pull things out;

They look important, They rock on their toes, They lose all the buttons Off of their clothes;

They find them again. Men are queer creatures; I like men.

Dorothy E. Reid

TO AN ENEMY

I despise my friends more than you.

I would have known myself, but they stood before the mirrors

And painted on them images of the virtues I craved. You came with sharpest chisel, scraping away the false paint.

Then I knew and detested myself, but not you, For glimpses of you in the glasses you uncovered Showed me the virtues whose images you destroyed.

Maxwell Bodenheim

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN

"Lincoln?—

Well, I was in the old Second Maine,

The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree State.

Of course I didn't get the butt of the clip; We was there for guardin' Washington— We was all green.

"I ain't never ben to but one theayter in my life—I didn't know how to behave.

I ain't never ben since.

I can see as plain as my hat the box where he sat in When he was shot.

I can tell you, sir, there was a panic

When we found our President was in the shape he was in!

Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked him.

"Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.

He was a spare man,

An old farmer.

Everything was all right, you know,

But he wan't a smooth-appearin' man at all-

Not in no ways;

Thin-faced, long-necked,

And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like.

"And he was a jolly old fellow-always cheerful;

He wan't so high but the boys could talk to him their own ways.

While I was servin' at the Hospital

He'd come in and say, 'You look nice in here,'

Praise us up, you know.

And he'd bend over and talk to the boys-

And he'd talk so good to 'em-so close-

That's why I call him a farmer.

I don't mean that everything about him wan't all right, you understand,

It's just-well, I was a farmer-

And he was my neighbor, anybody's neighbor.

"I guess even you young folks would 'a' liked him."

Witter Bynner

EPITAPHS

For My Grandmother

This lovely flower fell to seed.

Work gently, sun and rain;
She held it as her dying creed
That she would grow again.

For a Magician

I whose magic could explore
Ways others might not guess or see,
Now am barred behind a door
That has no "Open Sesame."

For Myself

What's in this grave is worth your tear; There's more than the eye can see; Folly and Pride and Love lie here Buried alive with me.

For a Pessimist

He wore his coffin for a hat, Calamity his cape, While on his face a death's-head sat And waved a bit of crape.

For a Mouthy Woman

God and the devil still are wrangling Which should have her, which repel; God wants no discord in his heaven; Satan has enough in hell.

Countée Cullen

JAMES MARCH

He prided himself on being punctual.
He kept ahead of time and had to wait
For most appointments, fretting all the while
As though the other person had been late.
Only twice in his life he wasn't ready!
Two great appointments took him by surprise:
(As they do every man—the time he loves,
And the incredible moment when he dies.)

Mildred Bowers

WALLS

All day he crawled upon the nursery floor, Four-square and dark, for all the heavy door Was opened now and then to bring food in Or take a bundle out. It must be sin To be outside the blackness of a wall Where light awaits the knees that dare to crawl.

Eleven years he sat within a school, Where four walls made a world, and learned the rule That walls are fitting limits to the eyes Which seek to learn, and only books are wise.

And then the walls that line the city street Opened and closed upon his eager feet, And at a desk between four walls he stooped While warm strong hands grew thin, and eyelids drooped.

Four walls to work in, each day all day long, Bitter and black and sinister and strong.

So one would think that when he loved a maid He'd take her far from walls, being afraid.

But no. He labored seven years and ten To build himself a house like other men.

With sweat and tears to bind the broken stone, He built and entered four walls of his own.

Between high walls he labored all the day; At dusk, when Earth was hallowed by God's grey, He hurried back into his own four walls.

Now, one day, hidden between walls he lies And dreams a little of old days; and dies.

Thum—thum—the gravel falls, And there he lies for evermore in walls.

John Russell McCarthy

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

O, to have a little house! To own the hearth and stool and all! The heaped up sods upon the fire, The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains And pendulum swinging up and down! A dresser filled with shining delph,¹ Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor, And fixing on their shelf again My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night Beside the fire and by myself, Sure of a bed and loth to leave The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark, And roads where there's never a house nor bush, And tired I am of bog and road, And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high, And I am praying Him night and day, For a little house—a house of my own— Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

Padraic Colum

¹ delph, a variant of delft, a pottery made in the town of Delft in Holland.

BURYING GROUND BY THE TIES

FROM "FRESCOS FOR MR. ROCKEFELLER'S CITY"

Ayee! Ai! This is heavy earth on our shoulders: There were none of us born to be buried in this earth: Niggers we were Portuguese Magyars Polacks:

We were born to another look of the sky certainly: Now we lie here in the river pastures: We lie in the mowings under the thick turf:

We hear the earth and the all-day rasp of the grasshoppers:

It was we laid the steel on this land from ocean to ocean: It was we (if you know) put the U.P. through the passes

Bringing her down into Laramie ² full load Eighteen mile on the granite anticlinal ³ Forty-three foot to the mile and the grade holding:

It was we did it: hunkies of our kind: It was we dug the caved-in holes for the cold water: It was we built the gully spurs and the freight sidings:

Who would do it but we and the Irishmen bossing us? It was all foreign-born men there were in this country: It was Scotsmen Englishmen Chinese Squareheads Austrians . . .

¹ U.P., The Union Pacific Railroad.

² Laramie, a city in Wyoming.

³ anticlinal, downgrade.

Ayee! but there's weight to the earth under it: Not for this did we come out—to be lying here Nameless under the ties in the clay cuts:

There's nothing good in the world but the rich will buy it:

Everything sticks to the grease of a gold note—Even a continent—even a new sky!

Do not pity us much for the strange grass over us: We laid the steel to the stone stock of these mountains: The place of our graves is marked by the telegraph poles!

It was not to lie in the bottoms we came out And the trains going over us here in the dry hollows. . . .

Archibald MacLeish

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH ...

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,

When Spring comes round again this year And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep Pillowed in silk and scented down, Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep, Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath, Where hushed awakenings are dear . . . But I've a rendezvous with Death At midnight in some flaming town, When Spring trips north again this year, And I to my pledged word am true, I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Alan Seeger

THE GREAT POET

God's poems are all so beautiful, Magic of word and sweet of tune; I read their wonder as I walk. God is a poet, and His talk Is sun and stars and moon.

And all His winds and waters rhyme, And all His butterflies and birds. He laughs to know with what strange vim His children try to copy Him With gold and silver words.

Jessica Powers

A SONG OF MEN

Out of the soil and the slime, Reeking, they climb.

Out of the muck and the mire, Rank, they aspire;

Filthy with murder and mud, Black with shed blood,

Lust and passion and clay— Dying, they slay;

Stirred by vague hints of a goal, Seeking a soul!

Groping through terror and night Up to the light:

Life in the dust and the clod Sensing a God;

Flushed of the glamour and gleam Caught from a dream;

Stained of the struggle and toil, Stained of the soil, Ally of God in the end— Helper and friend—

Hero and prophet and priest Out of the beast!

Don Marquis

TO YOURSELF

Talking to people in well-ordered ways is prose, And talking to them in well-ordered ways or in disor-

dered outbreak may be poetry.

But talking to yourself, out on a country road, no houses and no hedges to conceal a listener,

Only yourself and heaven and the trees and a wind and a

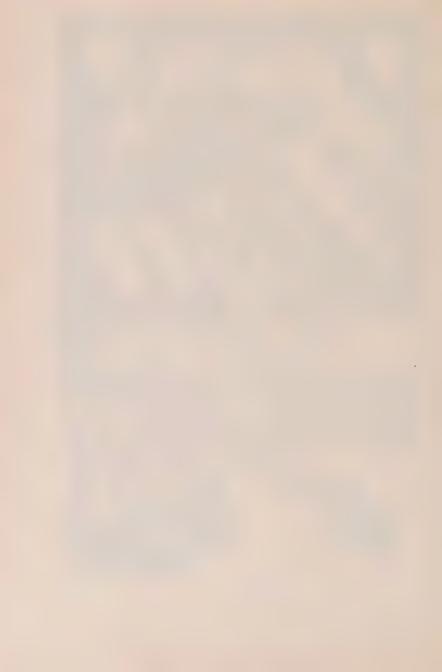
linnet;

Talking to yourself in those long breaths that sing or hum or whistle fullness of the heart,

Or the short breaths,
Beats of the heart,
Whether it be of sadness or a haystack,
Mirth or the smell of the sea,
A cloud or luck or love,
Any of these or none—
Is poetry.

Witter Bynner





POEMS CONVEY FEELING

When Charles Augustus Lindbergh made his famous flight alone from the United States to France on May 20-21, 1927, the newspapers carried innumerable and endless stories about it. Every detail was reported faithfully. The story made excellent reading even in the newspaper because it was a story of a serious young man and aviator who exhibited mastery of the art of flying and the daring courage of the explorer. The story was dramatic; it fired the imaginations of young and old alike. Because the flight was a perfect thing, dozens of poets wrote poems about it. The poets wove some of the facts of the newspaper story into their poems, but they saw something beyond the facts and felt some of the emotions of the chief actors. These emotions they gave us in the poems. One poet, for example, showed what the feelings of Lindbergh's mother must have been as she went about her regular duties on that fateful day while her son sailed high in the clouds over the Atlantic Ocean. Another poet turned the sharp light of his imagination upon the matchless daring of the lone eagle. Poets are people who have extraordinary imaginations and very keen feelings, and they have unusual power with words. They can therefore reveal thoughts and feelings to us which we might otherwise miss.

A very fine illustration of this thought is the poem, "Crosson's Flight," page 16. Will Rogers and Wiley Post fell to their deaths in the Alaskan tundra. Crosson was sent to bring their bodies back in his airplane. These are the facts. But the poet rides in that airplane with Crosson,

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shares his emotions, and conveys them to the reader. When boys and girls read such poems, they must look for the story of the experience and for this extra interpretation which the poet gives. If you remember the ballad, "Lochinvar," by Sir Walter Scott, you remember how neatly that young gallant stole his fair lady and how neatly the poet tells us about it. The young Lochinvar's gallantry is caught in the poet's searchlight forever. There, then is a perfect deed related in matchless language with all that is significant "pointed up" for the reader.

War is described in books of history. Its strategy, weapons, and machines, its causes and results are described in detail. The poet writes of war from his personal viewpoint, using whatever of the actual detail he needs. He brings out into sharp relief some slant on it which his sensitiveness makes clear to him. Alan Seeger, on page 59, says to you that he must go to war in the beautiful springtime. How he feels and what he will do, he tells you. That, in turn, conveys an emotion to you. What is that emotion? In "The Illusion of War" by Richard Le Gallienne, page 82, is another poet's idea on the business of war. What is it and how does it make you feel? Boys and girls can find the general experience of these poems and the poet's personal feeling; that may in turn be translated into an emotion for the reader. Such an act is rightly called reading poetry.

Again, the poet looks at people: the poor, the rich, the unhappy, the happy, the old, the young—all kinds of people. He sees them as we do, how they look, what they do; he hears them talk. But the poet with his extra

sense sees and hears something which the rest of us miss and that is what boys and girls must look for in the poems. The peddler on Broadway (page 20) is a critic of men, the poet discovers; Nellie Cassidy (page 75), in her fine white apron and her new white gown, is not the pert little maid, happy in service, that she appears to be. The poet discovers her secret: she is lonesome for a home on the Wexford shore. The poet is the great revealer of the secrets of people's minds and hearts. When you read poetry about people, see if this statement is not true.

Again, the poet tells of his own experiences—experiences he has sometimes in physical action—as in the poem about swimming (page 6), and sometimes about experiences both of the body and mind; and he conveys to us in almost magical ways his joys and sorrows, the delights

and the revelations of his senses.

TEWKESBURY ROAD

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,

Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why;

Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool rush of the air,

Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky;

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink

Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the foxgloves purple and white;

Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the pools to drink,

When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of night,

O! to feel the warmth of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,

Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words; And the blessed green comely meadows seem all a-ripple with mirth

At the lilt of the shifting feet, and the dear wild cry of the birds.

John Masefield, an English poet, wrote the above poem and it is clear that it grew out of personal experiences of his own. It is delight in English countryside; the flowers are English, the rain is English! Any reader responds to the poet's delight in his release and his response to the sights and sounds about him. And why is that possible for boys and girls who are not English? Because there are, in their own experiences, comparable sights and sounds. The poet speaks of what we know and what we feel. That makes reading poetry easy.



SPRIN' FEVAH

Dar's a lazy, sortah hazy
Feelin' grips me, thoo an' thoo;
An' I feels lak doin' less dan enythin';
Dough de saw is sharp an' greasy,
Dough de task et han' is easy,
An' de day am fair an' breezy,
Dar's a thief dat steals embition in de win'.

Kain't defy it, kain't deny it, Kaze it jes won't be denied; It's a mos' pursistin' stubbern sortah thin'; Anti Tox' doan neutrolize it; Doctahs fail to analyze it; So I yiel's (dough I despise it) To dat res'less, wretchit fevah evah Sprin'.

Ray G. Dandridge

MY HEART'S DESIRE

My heart's desire is nothing great:
Say just a little eight-by-eight
Log cabin in the Northern woods
Where I can wallow in my moods
And wade around in solitudes
And rubber boots;
Free from excitement, noise and dudes . . .
Yes, that just suits!

My heart's desire is nothing much:
A little venison, and such
Sweet trout as markets ne'er afford;
A little time to praise the Lord
My own peculiar way, for these
Simplicities that ever please
And never pall
The mind, as in the birchen trees
The thrushes call.

My heart's desire is nothing large:
The open sky, the river-marge;
The soundless woods, the empty shore;
Pine-needles on the parlor floor,
And hazy lazy hours of life
Just breathing air;
—One couldn't ask much less— No strife,
Peace everywhere.

My heart's desire? The waterfalls; The rushes where the grackle calls; The joy of negative delights; The melody of summer nights; My wife's mild word Of practical suggestion— Say, "You haven't washed your face today" But faintly heard.

My heart's desire? Well, come to think, It's all too near Elysium's 1 brink For humankind.

One's heart, you know, is apt to change; Most anywhere one can arrange His peace of mind.

Henry Herbert Knibbs

SEA-FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,

And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,

And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

¹ Elysium, the paradise of Greek heroes after death.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide

Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied; And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying, And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,

To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,

And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

John Masefield

NOSE

I got sharp eyes, yeh? And my hands moves quick. You got to be that way, if the sea is where You live and work and hope to die. That's me. And eyes and hands is fine; but listen here: The thing that made me what I am to-day Is just this funny thing I call my nose.

You hardly ever hear a nose get credit Except in tunes about vi'lets and roses, Or mother bakin' pies, or leaves that's burnin'.

¹ trick, the hours of duty, particularly at steering, required of each sailor.

But them is easy smells. The hard ones is The kind that makes a difference in your life.

Now . . . put me back to where I'm a young kid, Runnin' around the streets and raisin' hell.
But they's one place I just can't keep away from, And that's the power-station for the cable.
Remember it? Corner of ClarkandEllum?
The big wheels poundin', "Rum-rum-rum!" and always That same smell, like a knife; it's tar and oakum.
Wheels, and that stuffy, cuttin' oakum smell!

And further down, along the Clark Street bridge, The coffee, bein' roasted in the warehouse, And the blue smoke that give your nose a treat.

And on South Water, where the fish was laid out, Shiny with brine, and with that salty smell Of places that I'd only saw in dreams.

And last of all, the big ol' pumpin' station, With fresh steam and the oil all mixed together, And, boy, the way I used to stand and sniff, And sniff, and let my eye ride up and down, Up—and down—and up—with that big piston—Say, I had lots of treats since then, but never No treats like them when I was little and young.

Until—well, one day fifteen years from then, When I was sellin' shoes down in Noo York, And hatin' it, and not knowin' why I did, It happened I went down to the docks, to see A friend. A ship was tied up to the pier, Unloadin' stuff. A breeze come up a-sudden, And all to oncet I got a whoppin' whiff. By Gee! There it was, all to oncet together: Coffee, and fish, and salt, and steam, and oakum, And the hot oil—all in one crazy snoot-full! And there I was—a little kid again!

So then I knowed the only kinda work
That I was made for, or could love. You see?

I shipped the very next day for a stoker, And they ain't but damn few ports in the whole world That I ain't stuck this nose of mine into.

Eyes? And ears? And mouth? And hands? All right; But what I got to say, hooray for nose! Folley your nose, I says, folley your nose! . . .

John V. A. Weaver

TRAVEL

The railroad track is miles away,
And the day is loud with voices speaking;
Yet there isn't a train goes by all day
But I hear its whistle shrieking.

All night there isn't a train goes by,
Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,
But I see its cinders red on the sky,
And hear its engines steaming.

My heart is warm with the friends I make, And better friends I'll not be knowing; Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take, No matter where it's going.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

IN SERVICE

Little Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,
She wears a fine white apron,
She wears a new black gown,
An' the guarest little can at all with straymet

An' the quarest little cap at all with straymers hanging down.

I met her one fine evening stravagin' down the street,
A feathered hat upon her head,
And boots upon her feet.

"Och, Mick," says she, "may God be praised that you and I should meet.

"It's lonesome in the city with such a crowd," says she;

"I'm lost without the bog-land,
I'm lost without the sea,

An' the harbor an' the fishing-boats that sail out fine and free.

"I'd give a golden guinea to stand upon the shore, To see the big waves lepping,

¹ stravagin', strolling.

To hear them splash and roar,
To smell the tar and the drying nets, I'd not be asking
more.

"To see the small white houses, their faces to the sea,

The childher in the doorway,

Or round my mother's knee;

For I'm strange and lonesome missing them, God keep

them all," says she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,
Waiting on the quality,
And answering the door—
But her heart is some place far away upon the Wexford

Winifred M. Letts

MY SWEET BROWN GAL

W'en de clouds is hangin' heavy in de sky, An' de win's 's a-taihin' moughty vig'rous by, I don' go a-sighin' all erlong de way; I des' wo'k a-waitin' fu' de close o' day.

Case I knows w'en evenin' draps huh shadders down, I won' care a smidgeon fu' de weathah's frown;

¹ quality, people of rank and wealth.

Let de rain go splashin', let de thundah raih, Dey's a happy sheltah, an' I's goin' daih.

Down in my ol' cabin wa'm ez mammy's toas', 'Taters in de fiah layin' daih to roas';
No one daih to cross me, got no talkin' pal,
But I's got de comp'ny o' my sweet brown gal.

So I spen's my evenin' listenin' to huh sing, Lak a blessid angel; how huh voice do ring! Sweetah den a bluebird flutterin' erroun', W'n he sees de steamin' o' de new plowed groun'.

Den I hugs huh closah, closah to my breas'. Needn't sing, my da'lin', tek you' hones' res'. Does I mean Malindy, Mandy, Lize er Sal? No, I means my fiddle—dat's my sweet brown gal!

Paul Laurence Dunbar



THE FINAL SPURT

From "Reynard, the Fox"

At the sixth green field came the long slow climb,
To the Mourne End Wood as old as time
Yew woods dark, where they cut for bows,
Oak woods green with the mistletoes,
Dark woods evil, but burrowed deep
With a brock's 1 earth strong, where a fox might sleep.
He saw his point on the heaving hill,
He had failing flesh and a reeling will,
He felt the heave of the hill grow stiff,
He saw black woods, which would shelter—
If—

Nothing else, but the steepening slope,
And a black line nodding, a line of hope
The line of the yews on the long slope's brow,
A mile, three-quarters, a half mile now.
A quarter-mile, but the hounds had viewed
They yelled to have him this side the wood,
Robin capped them, Tom Dansey steered them
With a "Yooi, Yooi, Yooi," Bill Ridden cheered them,
Then up went hackles a Shatterer led,
"Mob him," cried Ridden, "the wood's ahead.
Turn him, damn it; Yooi, beauties, beat him,
O God, let them get him; let them eat him.

¹ brock, an animal like a badger or a skunk.

² hackles, neck hairs.

O God," said Ridden, "I'll eat him stewed, If you'll let us get him this side the wood."

But the pace, uphill, made a horse like stone,
The pack went wild up the hill alone.
Three hundred yards, and the worst was past,
The slope was gentler and shorter-grassed,
The fox saw the bulk of the woods grow tall
On the brae ahead like a barrier-wall.
He saw the skeleton trees show sky,
And the yew trees darken to see him die,
And the line of the woods go reeling black;
There was hope in the woods, and behind, the pack.

Two hundred yards, and the trees grew taller, Blacker, blinder, as hope grew smaller Cry seemed nearer, the teeth seemed gripping Pulling him back, his pads seemed slipping. He was all one ache, one gasp, one thirsting, Heart on his chest-bones, beating, bursting, The hounds were gaining like spotted pards 'And the wood-hedge still was a hundred yards.

The wood-hedge black was a two-year, quick Cut-and-laid that had sprouted thick Thorns all over, and strongly plied, With a clean red ditch on the take-off side.

He saw it now as a redness, topped With a wattle of thorn-work spiky cropped,

¹ pards, leopards.

Spiky to leap on, stiff to force,
No safe jump for a failing horse,
But beyond it, darkness of yews together,
Dark green plumes over soft brown feather,
Darkness of woods where scents were blowing
Strange scents, hot scents, of wild things going,
Scents that might draw these hounds away.
So he ran, ran, ran to that clean red clay,

Still, as he ran, his pads slipped back, All his strength seemed to draw the pack, The trees drew over him dark like Norns,¹ He was over the ditch and at the thorns.

He thrust at the thorns, which would not yield, He leaped, but fell, in sight of the field, The hounds went wild as they saw him fall, The fence stood stiff like a Buck's flint wall.

He gathered himself for a new attempt,
His life before was an old dream dreamt,
All that he was was a blown 2 fox quaking,
Jumping at thorns too stiff for breaking,
While over the grass in crowd, in cry,
Came the grip teeth grinning to make him die,
The eyes intense, dull, smoldering red,
The fell like a ruff round each keen head,
The pace like fire, and scarlet men
Galloping, yelling, "Yooi, eat him, then."

¹ Norns, Scandinavian goddesses of Fate.

² blown, exhausted.

He gathered himself, he leaped, he reached The top of the hedge like a fish-boat beached. He steadied a second and then leaped down To the dark of the wood where bright things drown.

John Masefield

THE PEACEABLE RACE

"Who says that the Irish are fighters be birth?"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Faix, there's not a more peaceable race on th' earth,

If ye l'ave 'em alone.

"Tim O'Toole? Well, I grant ye now, there is a lad That's beset wid the curse o' pugnacity bad, But he's jisht th' ixciption that's provin the rule; An' what else could ye ask from a lad like O'Toole? Shure, he's sich a big mountain o' muscle and bone, Sizin up to the heft o' some siventeen stone, That he fair aggravates iv'ry other bould buck To be wishful to thump him a little for luck, An' to prove that there's others as clever as him. Now, I ask ye, suppose ye was sturdy as Tim, Don't ye think 'twould be right ye should take a delight In defindin' yer title an' testin' yer might?"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Is it me? Arrah! now it is jokin' ye are. But I bid ye be careful an' not go too far.

¹ pugnacity, love of a fight.

Shure, it's true I'm no more nor the height o' yer waist, But there's manny a bigger has sampled a taste
O' the knuckles that's bunched in this little ould fisht.
Where's the dog wouldn't fight whin his tail gets a twisht?

Do I hunt fur the throuble? Mayhap, now, it's thrue Upon certain occasions that's jisht what I do. Shure, how else would they know—I'm that stunted an' small—

I'd the heart of a man in me body at all?"
Says little Dan Crone.

"Well, thin, keep yer opinion. 'Tis little it's worth,"
Says little Dan Crone.

"Faix, we're jisht the most peaceable race on the earth,

If ye l'ave us alone."

T. A. Daly

THE ILLUSION OF WAR1

War
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife, and I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

¹ Illusion, an unreal image.

Without a soul—save this bright drink Of heady music, sweet as hell; And even my peace-abiding feet Go marching with the marching street, For yonder, yonder goes the fife, And what care I for human life! The tears fill my astonished eyes, And my full heart is like to break, And yet 'tis all embannered lies, A dream those little drummers make.

O it is wickedness to clothe
You hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe.
Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy 1 like this.
O snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.

Richard Le Gallienne

THE SMALL TOWN CELEBRATES

We tumbled out into the starry dark Under the cold stars; still the sirens shrieked. As we reached the square, two rockets hissed And flowered: they were the only two in town.

¹ infamy, evil reputation.

Down streamed the people, blowing frosty breath Under the lamps—the mayor and the marshal, The fire department, members of the band, Buttoning their clothes with one hand, while the other Clutched a cold clarinet or piccolo That shivered for its first ecstatic squeal. We had no cannon—we made anvils serve, Just as our fathers did when Sumter fell; And all a little town could do, to show That twenty haughty cities heaped together Could not be half so proud and glad as we, We did. Soon a procession formed itself— Prosperous and poor, young, old, and staid and gay, Every glad soul who'd had the hardihood To jump from a warm bed at four o'clock Into the starry blackness. Round the square— A most unmilitary sight—it pranced, Straggled and shouted, while the street-lamps blinked In sleepy wonder.

At the very end Where the procession dwindled to a tail, Shuffled Old Boozer. From a snorting car But just arrived, a leading citizen Sprang to the pavement.

"Hallelujah, Boss!

We's whop de Kaiser!"

"What's he to you?"

"Well, you old black fraud," (The judge's smile was hiding in his beard)

Old Boozer bobbed and blinked Under the lamps; another moment, he

Had scrambled to the base about the post, And through the nearer crowd the shout went round, "Listen—Old Boozer's going to preach!"

He raised

His trancéd eyes. A moment's pause.

'O Lawd,

You heah dis gemman ax me dat jes' now, 'What's he to Boozer?' Doan he know, O Lawd, Dat Kaiser's boot-heel jes' been tinglin' up To stomp on Boozer? Doan he know de po', De feeble, an' de littlesome toddlin' chile Dat scream to Hebben when he tromp 'em down, Hab drug dat Bad Man right down off his throne To ebberlastin' torment? Glory, Lawd! We done pass through de Red Sea! Glory, Lawd! De Lawd done drug de mighty from his seat! He done exalted dem ob low degree! He sabe de spark from dem dat stomp it out! He sabe de lebben ' strugglin' in de lump! He sabe de—"

Cheering, laughing, moving on,
With cries of "Go it, Boozer!" the crowd swirled
About his perch; but, as I passed, I saw
A red-haired boy, who stood, and did not move,
But gazed and gazed, as if the old man's words
Raised visions. In his shivering arms he held
A struggling puppy; once I heard him say,
"Down, Woodrow!" but he scarcely seemed to know

1 lebben, leaven, a form of yeast.

² Woodrow, a puppy named for President Wilson.

He spoke. The stars paled slowly overhead; The din increased; the crowd surged; but the boy Stood rapt. As I turned back once more, I saw Full morning on his face. And at the end Of our one down-town street, the laughing sun Came shouting up, belated, but most glad.

Karle Wilson Baker



THE FLATHOUSE ROOF

I linger on the flathouse roof, the moonlight is divine. But my heart is all a-flutter like the washing on the line.

I long to be a heroine, I long to be serene, But my feet, they dance in answer to a distant tambourine.

And, oh, the dreams of ecstasy! Oh, Babylon and Troy! 1 I've a hero in the basement, he's the janitor's red-haired boy.

There's the music of his mallet and the jigging of his saw; I wonder what he's making on that lovely cellar floor?

He loves me, for he said it when we met upon the stair, And that is why I'm on the roof to get a breath of air.

He said it! Oh! He said it! And the only thing I said Was, "Roger Jones, I like you, for your hair is very red."

We parted when intruders came a-tramping through the hall;

He's got my pocket handkerchief and I have got his ball.

And so it is I'm on the roof. Oh, Babylon and Troy! I'm very sure that I'm in love with someone else's boy.

Alone, upon the starry heights, I'm dancing on a green, To the jingling and the jangling of a distant tambourine,

¹ Babylon, one of the largest and finest cities of ancient Asia, famed for its hanging gardens, its luxuries, and its beautiful women. *Troy*, city of Asia Minor, besieged by the Greeks to recover the beautiful captive Helen.

To the stamping of a hammer and the jigging of a saw, And the secret sort of feeling I'm in love forevermore.

Do you think it's any wonder, with the moonlight so divine,

That my heart is all a-flutter, like the washing on the line?

Nathalia Crane

BETWEEN TWO LOVES

I gotta lov' for Angela, I lov' Carlotta, too. I no can marry both o' dem, So w'at I gonna do?

O! Angela ees pretta girl,
She gotta hair so black, so curl,
An' teeth so white as anytheeng.
An' O! she gotta voice to seeng,
Dat mak' your hearta feel eet must
Jump up an' dance or eet weel bust.
An' alla time she seeng, her eyes
Dey smila like Italia's skies,
An' makin' flirtin' looks at you—
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Carlotta ees no gotta song, But she ees twice so big an' strong As Angela, an' she no look So beautiful—but she can cook. You oughta see her carry wood! I tal you w'at, eet do you good. When she ees be som'body's wife She worka hard, you bat my life! She never gattin' tired, too—But dat ees all w'at she can do.

O! my! I weesh dat Angela
Was strong for carry wood,
Or else Carlotta gotta song
An' looka pretta good.
I gotta lov' for Angela,
I lov' Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
So w'at I gonna do?

T. A. Daly

TO MY BROTHER

I loved you for your loving ways,
The ways that many did not know;
Although my heart would beat and glow
When Nations crowned you with their bays.

I loved you for the tender hand
That held my own so close and warm,
I loved you for the winning charm
That brought gay sunshine to the land.

I loved you for the heart that knew The need of every little child; I loved you when you turned and smiled,— It was as though a fresh wind blew.

I loved you for your loving ways,
That look that leaped to meet my eye,
The ever-ready sympathy,
The generous ardor of your praise.

I loved you for the buoyant fun That made perpetual holiday For all who ever crossed your way, The highest or the humblest one.

I loved you for the radiant zest,
The thrill and glamor that you gave
To each glad hour that we could save
And garner from Time's grim behest.¹

I loved you for your loving ways,—
And just because I loved them so,
And now have lost them,—thus I know
I must go softly all my days!

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

A FRIEND

I knew him well; we fenced at many a bout As boys; jested, as you and I do now. He was my friend before, till fame reached out And laid the wreath of laurel on his brow.

¹ behest, command.

And now he walks in kingly paths, and seeks Only such friends as kings desire to own; Now, with his head held high, he boldly speaks Of visions. But he walks no more alone.

The friends that gather at the beck of fame Feed on the glamour of his brief renown. Among this crowd I found him, spoke his name And sought to add a jewel to his crown

With word well-turned. Though my intent was fair, Between us two the message went astray—His answer strangely smote the empty air; Somehow there was so little left to say.

He does not mean, I fancy, to forget; A wound is quite the last thing he'd intend. The cunning world but trapped him in her net Of shining fame . . . and I have lost a friend.

Sydney King Russell

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(As SEEN FROM THE TRAIN)

I saw the spires of Oxford ¹
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky;

¹ Oxford, the oldest university in England, a place of great beauty and learning. During the World War it was almost deserted because so many of its students enlisted.

My heart was with the Oxford men Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay;
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded—War!
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

Winifred M. Letts

1960: THE LAST WAR

Against the purple sky soft bombs were flowering, Like poisoned orange poppies. Hissing light Blossomed and guttered out. Bright sparks were showering, Like falling stars. A silence thick as night Swallowed the city. . . .

And his tired ears hurt.

He saw white smoke curl up the sky in scrawls. The anti-aircraft guns began to spurt. A dull roar rose like distant waterfalls.

Dull roaring broke in blasts of heavy thunder.
Black wings swooped. Loud propellers cut the sky.
Shells split the air. Skyscrapers ripped asunder.
Gas clouds swirled down. . . . His throat and eyes got dry.

His knees snapped. Something broke inside his head.

(Ten million died that day, the papers said.)

Thomas W. Duncan



MOTHERS WITH LITTLE SONS

O mothers with little sons
And burning hearts to teach,
You are the chosen ones—
Give hearing, I beseech!
The world is a ghastly place
Since war has slain our men;
But yours is the gift
And yours the grace
To bring love back again.

Mothers, I beg you, heed What hate's dark hand has done; How the hearts of people bleed Till peace and right are won. How the maimed and halt and blind And the dread ones hidden away Are a challenge to all mankind To fashion a better way.

Mothers with little sons,
As you hold them to your breast,
Teach them to hate the guns,
That love and faith are best.
Show how the tyrant War
Destroys but does not win;
How the goals men battle for
Are lost with the world's great sin.

Strip from the monster's frame
His glittering robe of lies;
Show him in all his shame
To your children's visioning eyes.
Show how the lust to kill
Is the jungle's law of might,
And shells dropped down on a helpless town
Are murder in God's sight.

O mothers with little sons
Who stand with lifted faces,
All of earth's helpless ones
Cry from the lonely places.
And the dead men plead their cause,
And the crippled men implore:
"Go, fashion the Future's laws
That war shall be no more."

For war is a knave's design,
And a coward's brutal scheme,
And men whose courage is divine
Shall foster a nobler dream.
O mothers with little sons,
The years lie in your hands.
You are the chosen ones,
Men wait for your commands.
Not till your lips declare:
"Our sons no more shall fight!"
Shall the crimson soil be fair
And the ravaged earth be right.

Angela Morgan

CITY ROOFS

FROM THE METROPOLITAN TOWER

Roof-tops, roof-tops, what do you cover?

Sad folk, bad folk, and many a glowing lover;

Wise people, simple people, children of despair—
Roof-tops, roof-tops, hiding pain and care.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, O what sin you're knowing,
While above you in the sky the white clouds are
blowing;

While beneath you, agony and dolor and grim strife Fight the olden battle, the olden war of Life.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, cover up their shame— Wretched souls, prison souls too piteous to name; Man himself hath built you all to hide away the stars—

Roof-tops, roof-tops, you hide ten million scars.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, well I know you cover
Many solemn tragedies, and many a lonely lover;
But ah! you hide the good that lives in the throbbing city—
Patient wives and tenderness forgiveness foith and

Patient wives, and tenderness, forgiveness, faith, and pity.

¹ dolor, grief.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, this is what I wonder:

You are thick as poisonous plants, thick the people under;

Yet roofless, and homeless, and shelterless they roam, The driftwood of the town who have no roof-top, and no home!

Charles Hanson Towne

POEMS CONVEY FEELING

Sprin' Fevah

You, no doubt, have been the victim of spring fever. Who hasn't? So, before you read the poem, you knew something about the subject. What are the symptoms of the disease when you have it? Name them. What are the symptoms named in the poem? What is the cure? In what way does the poet's expression excel yours? Is it written in lazy language? What is your final estimate of the poem?

My Heart's Desire

Just to prove that you have read this poem with understanding, state clearly what it is that would make this poet happy. Do you find yourself responding to the plan of living? Why? Or why not? There are some interesting expressions: wallow in my moods; wade around in solitudes; simplicities that never pall the mind; joy of negative delights; all too near Elysium's brink. In all your reading, have you seen a more perfect description of laziness?

Sea-Fever

John Masefield did and does actually love the sea, does he not? See the biographical sketch, page 245. Does that fact account entirely for the manner in which he is able to transfer this feeling to his reader? You do respond to the persuasion of the poem, do you not? Discuss the appeal of the poem for you. Do you feel salt spray, as you read? What are the delights of the sailor boy's life, according to Masefield?

Nose

Whoever reads this poem well can reconstruct the biographical sketch it contains. Do that in your own words. Choose the lines which describe the "whopping whiff" which lured the shoe salesman to the engine room. Some boys outgrow their childish fascinations. Discuss this statement. Does this poem give you a new idea of a stoker's life?

Travel

Luxurious ocean liners, stream-lined steel trains, mammoth passenger airplanes, world cruises, blue seas, South Sea Islands, Scandinavian fiords, travel booklets—what do they do to us? Does this poem describe the feelings aroused? Why? Why do we respond so wholeheartedly to "yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take, no matter where it's going"?

Little Nellie Cassidy

Nellie earns seventy pounds and more waiting on the quality; but where is Nellie's heart? Why?

My Sweet Brown Gal

A man may love a thing which has no life, says the poet. Do you agree? Can you match this story with others from your observation? "That man that hath no music in himself..." Can you finish this quotation?

The Final Spurt

The English are great sportsmen and hunters. This scene is a final one in a hunt. Men in scarlet coats and the pack of hounds are trying to capture the fox. What is his one hope of escape? As you read, think that he is making a last great effort to save his life. Which lines describe vividly the swiftness of the flight? Which lines describe the agony of the fox?

The Peaceable Race

Tim O'Toole is one "big mountain of muscle and bone"; why does he fight?

Dan Crone is "no more nor the height o' your waist"; why does he fight? Is this poem a delightful bit of Irish spirit? Why?

The Illusion of War

War is a hideous experience. Sometimes men forget that. Why? Marching soldiers, brass-trimmed uniforms, martial music—what do they do to man's reason sometimes? In your own words, state the idea about war presented by this poet.

The Small Town Celebrates

When the armistice of the World War was declared, people everywhere rushed into the streets in a wild excitement. As you read this poem, try to picture the celebration and then try to decide what is meant by the final picture of the motionless red-haired boy and the glad sun.

The Flathouse Roof

How seriously should the reader take this poem? Is this love likely to be fleeting or permanent?

Between Two Loves

Angela "ees pretta girl; she gotta voice to seeng" but Carlotta "she no look so beautiful; ees no gotta song"—what is the age-old conflict in the lover's mind? What advice would you give to the lover if you were asked to help make the decision?

To My Brother

What characteristics made the great man, Theodore Roosevelt, lovable to his sister?

A Friend

This little poem describes a tragedy of everyday life. State it in your own words.

The Spires of Oxford

The beautiful old university of Oxford was practically deserted during the days of the Great War. How does this poem make you feel about war? How did the poet seem to feel about it? The poet calls the soldiers "happy gentlemen." Would you call them that?

1960: The Last War

Note that each war poem describes elements of war with which we are all familiar; and yet each poem presents a single viewpoint on this subject. State the viewpoint and slant of this poem.

Mothers with Little Sons

This is another poem provoked by the thought of war. What are the phrases from the poem which describe the actualities of war? State the plan presented here for the prevention of war.

City Roofs

In the great city of New York, it is the fashion for people to go to the top of one of the sky-scrapers and look down upon the city. That experience suggests various thoughts to various people. What did it suggest to Charles Hanson Towne, the author of this poem?

A CLASS EXERCISE

You have had a number of poems about war. Each one describes elements of war which everybody knows about. In

addition, each one gives us the poet's own thought and belief about it. Find other poems about the same subject and make a study of beliefs and viewpoints about war. Poets are usually very wise people and what they say is worth consideration. Have a class meeting and read and discuss the poems you find. Then conclude with a discussion of this topic: "What young people of today should think about war."





POEMS CAN SING AND DANCE

Once upon a time (a long time ago) in Merrie England, poems were made by groups of people, not by single poets. It was the custom of villagers to gather upon the village green to celebrate festivals or to indulge in expressions of grief. Upon these occasions there was dancing, and, as the people danced, they made up verses which they chanted to the rhythm of the dance. These verses grew into stories and were known as ballads.

Then musick and dancing did finish the day; At length, when the sun waxed low, Then all the whole train the grove did refrain And unto their caves they did go.

This is a stanza from the old ballad called "Robin Hood and Little John." If you read the stanza aloud and let it do what it will with you, it will fall into a crude dance rhythm for you. It also gives you a picture of these

people completing a day of merriment.

Poetry of the people and made by the people belongs to the past. These old ballads are kept alive, however, and in many obscure sections of this country, interesting folk songs and ballads may be heard. To learn more about them is a delightful study which you boys and girls may undertake. It is even possible that you may collect old songs in your own neighborhood. On the streets of the city of New York, some of the old Elizabethan ballads may be heard. Ask your teacher to help you with such a study.

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We shall just mention, in passing, one type of American folk song called "Cowboy Ballads." All of us who listen to radio programs are familiar with these songs. They are often composed in the old ballad stanza; they are usually of a mournful strain, as most of the old ballads are. An illustration of cowboy ballads is found on page 109 of this book.

All of us love music and all of us realize that music has many moods. What is the mood of the lullaby? It

is soft and low and slow and soothing. Listen:

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea!
Blow, blow, breathe and blow
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow
Blow him again to me:
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Did the poet, even without music, catch the rhythm of the lullaby?

Sad music is slow and melancholy. Listen:

Break, break, break, On thy cold grey stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me.

Sad music may sound solemn and moving like the funeral march played on a great organ.

Bury the Great Duke With an empire's lamentation; Let us bury the Great Duke To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation.

Music may be gay and light like sunshine. Listen:

O my Luve's like a red, red rose That's newly sprung in June; O my Luve's like the melodie That's sweetly play'd in tune.

It may be gay, energetic, and infectious.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

The poet, you see, can make music out of the English language without any instrumental accompaniment. Yet, we feel that certain poems ought to be set to the music of the violin; others to that of the organ, and others to the mighty swell of a full orchestra.

There are other things that poets can do with words.

They can make them march:

Marching along, fifty-score strong Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song; or ride:

As I ride, as I ride With a full heart for my guide So its tide rocks my side As I ride, as I ride;

or dance:

Come and trip it, as ye go On the light fantastic toe.

No-you are wrong, these effects do not just happen for poets. Poets know how to make them happen. There are ways of using words; there are kinds of words to use; there are lengths of lines to think about; there are a number of other points of craftsmanship which the poet knows and uses. The musician who composes a waltz knows that he must use a certain rhythm or beat; if he composes a march, he uses another beat. The poet uses a similar technique. If you are interested—and why shouldn't you be?-you will find some of these secrets discussed in later sections of this book. If you wish to write poetry sometime, you will be curious about these points. If you wish to read poetry really well, you will wish to know something about them. It is sufficient, now, that you know that they exist. You can hear music and feel movement in the following pages of poems. Watch for it! Listen to it!



THE COWBOY'S DREAM

Sung to the Air "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean"

Last night as I lay on the prairie, And looked at the stars in the sky, I wondered if ever a cowboy Would drift to that sweet by and by.

Roll on, roll on; Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on, Roll on, roll on; Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

The road to that bright, happy region Is a dim narrow trail, so they say; But the broad one that leads to perdition Is posted and blazed all the way.

¹ dogies (do-gies), a cowboy word for a motherless calf in a herd.

They say there will be a great round-up, And cowboys, like dogies, will stand, To be marked by the Riders of Judgment Who are posted and know every brand.

I know there's many a stray cowboy Who'll be lost at the great, final sale, When he might have gone in the green pastures Had he known of the dim, narrow trail.

I wonder if ever a cowboy Stood ready for that Judgment Day, And could say to the Boss of the Riders, "I'm ready, come drive me away."

For they, like the cows that are locoed,¹ Stampede at the sight of a hand, Are dragged with a rope to the round-up, Or get marked with some crooked man's brand.

And I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling,—A maverick,² unbranded on high,—And get cut in the bunch with the "rusties" When the Boss of the Riders goes by.

For they tell of another big owner Who's ne'er overstocked, so they say, But who always makes room for the sinner Who drifts from the straight, narrow way.

¹ locoed, poisoned with the locoweed. ² maverick, an unbranded animal.

They say he will never forget you, That he knows every action and look; So, for safety, you'd better get branded, Have your name in the great Tally Book.

John A. Lomax

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!

America! America! May God thy gold refine Till all success be nobleness And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Katharine Lee Bates

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung battle-line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine— Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies; The captains and the kings depart: Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,²
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling

¹ Nineveh, a splendid city of ancient Asia, destroyed by Persians; Tyre, an ancient seaport in Syria, sacked by enemies envious of its wealth and finally destroyed.

² shard, piece or fragment.

A VAGABOND SONG

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—

Touch of manner, hint of mood;

And my heart is like a rhyme,

With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry Of bugles going by. And my lonely spirit thrills To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir; We must rise and follow her, When from every hill of flame She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

Bliss Carman

A GREETING

Good morning, Life—and all Things glad and beautiful. My pockets nothing hold, But he that owns the gold, The Sun, is my great friend—His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky, Which bright clouds measure high; Hail to you birds whose throats Would number leaves by notes; Hail to you shady bowers, And you green fields of flowers.

Hail to you women fair,
That make a show so rare
In cloth as white as milk—
Be't calico or silk:
Good morning, Life—and all
Things glad and beautiful.

William H. Davies

PIRATE TREASURE

A lady loved a swaggering rover; The seven salt seas he voyaged over, Bragged of a hoard none could discover, Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

She bloomed in a mansion dull and stately,
And as to Meeting she walked sedately,
From the tail of her eye she liked him greatly.
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Rings in his ears and a red sash wore he, He sang her a song and he told her a story: "I'll make ye Queen of the Ocean!" swore he. Hey! Jolly Roger, O. She crept from bed by her sleeping sister; By the old gray mill he met and kissed her. Blue day dawned before they missed her. Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

And while they prayed her out of Meeting, Her wild little heart with bliss was beating, As seaward went the lugger fleeting. Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Choose in haste and repent at leisure; A buccaneer life is not all pleasure. He set her ashore with a little treasure. Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Off he sailed where waves were dashing, Knives were gleaming, cutlasses clashing, And a ship on jagged rocks went crashing. Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Over his bones the tides are sweeping; The only trace of the rover sleeping Is what he left in the lady's keeping. Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Two hundred years is his name unspoken,
The secret of his hoard unbroken;
But a black-browed race wears the pirate's token.
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Sea-blue eyes that gleam and glisten, Lips that sing—and you like to listen— A swaggering song. It might be this one: "Hey! Jolly Roger, O."

Abbie Farwell Brown

COME IN FROM THE RAIN

Come in from the rain, the night is black, Your shoes are wet, there's no coat on your back; Come in from the rain.

The wind in the bushes says strange, sad things; Night is a creature with terrible wings; Come in from the rain.

You are poor and friendless and tired and old, Your heart is heavy, your bones are cold; Come in from the rain.

A chair by the fire and the shoes from your feet, A drink to warm and a bite to eat; Come in from the rain.

A chair and maybe a story to tell, For we are lonely and listen well. Come in from the rain.

Out of the darkness, shut the door. Yes, we are poor, but there's room for more; Come in from the rain.

Eleanor O. Koenig

CANOE NIGHTS

Full moon nights are canoe nights: gather around the canoe-house under the hau 1 trees when the full moon comes up, strong-shouldered companions, steel-rippling of back-muscle, ready with song.

These are canoe nights: form in a double line on either side and carry the long canoe to the moon-water in the moon-night mellow and mad, the surf-night violent and gay.

Ready, bend strong knees and lift from the hips—ready, hapai! 2

Laughing, shouting, carry the long canoes, the sharknosed 3 koa 4 canoes, to the moon-water.

Steady the stroke and strong, beating time to the night-wind, chanting a sea-song blent with the sea's crooning; paddle out to the surf-line, bending strong backs in time; ho—e! ho—e! 5 driving the hollow log canoes into the night and the sea and the benison of the moon.

¹ hau, a tropical tree often used as a shelter for canoes.

² hapai, a word commonly used in Hawaii, meaning "lift" or "raise."

³ shark-nosed, the shape of the bow of a canoe slightly suggests the head of a shark.

⁴ koa, a tree, the Acacia koa, from logs of which the Hawaiian outrigger canoes are hollowed.

⁵ hoe, a verb or a noun, meaning "paddle."

Steady, circle and wheel, where the wave gathers like huge muscles flexing; wait for the long thrust, the sure deep uplift of sea.

Quick! for it comes, the wave, polished with moonlight, sleek and voluptuous, nakedly snakelike coiling.

Dip the broad paddles, urge the canoe to the thrill of the first throb of the wave, snakelike rippling to plunge headlong over the coral!

Quick! Crash the wide

blades full into the swell-faster! faster!

Madly, more madly the paddles race—huki! huki! huki! the breathless shout urges the tensed arms, spurs the quick-bending backs. Huki! and faster still till we feel the shock and the headlong leap and the rush of toppling towers of sea, powerful and smashing with giant shoulders of gods—we are riding the crest!

Lay paddles by, lean hard on the outrigger! balance and sway as the canoe slants down the fierce curve of the sea.

We are plunging into the wind, we are hurdling chasms of sea!

Mad with the fierce joy of the surf, shouting a savage sea-chant, borne on the shoulders of sea-gods rushing we soar shouting, exultant, breathless, moon-drenched and wondering—moon nights are canoe nights. Huki! the glad seas call.

Clifford Gessler

¹ huki, means literally "pull!"

THE LISTENERS

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,

Above the Traveller's head;

And he smote upon the door again a second time; "Is there anybody there?" he said.

But no one descended to the Traveller;

No head from the leaf-fringed sill

Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes, Where he stood perplexed and still.

But only a host of phantom listeners

That dwelt in the lone house then

Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight To that voice from the world of men:

Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,

That goes down to the empty hall, Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken

By the lonely Traveller's call.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness, Their stillness answering his cry,

While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,

'Neath the starred and leafy sky;

For he suddenly smote on the door, even Louder, and lifted his head:—

"Tell them I came, and no one answered,

That I kept my word," he said.

Never the least stir made the listeners, Though every word he spake

Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house

From the one man left awake:

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,

And the sound of iron on stone,

And how the silence surged softly backward,

When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Walter De La Mare



THE ROAD OF THE REFUGEES

Listen to the tramping! Oh, God of pity, listen!
Can we kneel at prayer, sleep all unmolested,
While the echo thunders?—God of pity, listen!
Can we think of prayer—or sleep—so arrested?

Million upon million fleeing feet in passing
Trample down our prayers—trample down our sleeping;

How the patient roads groan beneath the massing Of the feet in going, bleeding, running, creeping!

Clank of iron shoe, unshod hooves of cattle,
Pad of roaming hound, creak of wheel in turning,
Clank of dragging chain, harness ring and rattle,
Groan of breaking beam, crash of roof-tree burning.

Listen to the tramping! God of love and pity!
Million upon million fleeing feet in passing
Driven by the war out of field and city,
How the sullen road echoes to the massing!

Little feet of children, running, leaping, lagging, Toiling feet of women, wounded, weary guiding, Slow feet of the aged, stumbling, halting, flagging. Strong feet of the men loud in passion striding.

Hear the lost feet straying, from the roadway slipping They will walk no longer in this march appalling; Hear the sound of rain dripping, dripping, dripping, Is it rain or tears? What, O God, is falling?

Hear the flying feet! Lord of love and pity!

Crushing down our prayers, tramping down our sleeping,

Driven by the war out of field and city,

Million upon million, running, bleeding, creeping.

Dora Sigerson

THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL—A HUMORESQUE

I asked the old Negro, "What is that bird that sings so well?" He answered, "That is the Rachel-Jane." "Hasn't it another name—lark, or thrush, or the like?" "No, jus' Rachel-Jane."

1

IN WHICH A RACING AUTO COMES FROM THE EAST

This is the order of the music of the morning:—
First, from the far East comes but a crooning;
The crooning turns to a sunrise singing.
Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-horn;
Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-horn. . . .

To be sung delicately to an improvised tune

Hark to the pace-horn, chase-horn, race-horn! And the holy veil of the dawn has gone, Swiftly the brazen car comes on.

To be sung or read with great speed It burns in the East as the sunrise burns, I see great flashes where the far trail turns. Its eyes are lamps like the eyes of dragons. It drinks gasoline from big red flagons. Butting through the delicate mists of the morning, It comes like lightning, goes past roaring. It will hail all the wind-mills, taunting, ringing, Dodge the cyclones, Count the milestones, On through the ranges the prairie-dog tills, Scooting past the cattle on the thousand hills. . . . Ho for the tear-horn, scare-horn, dare-horn, Ho for the gay-horn, bark-horn, bay-horn. Ho for Kansas, land that restores us When houses choke us, and great books bore us! Sunrise Kansas, harvester's Kansas, A million men have found you before us.

To be read or sung in a rolling bass with some deliberation

11

IN WHICH MANY AUTOS PASS WESTWARD

In an even, deliberate, narrative manner I want live things in their pride to remain.
I will not kill one grasshopper vain
Though he eats a hole in my shirt like a door.
I let him out, give him one chance more.
Perhaps, while he gnaws my hat in his whim,
Grasshopper lyrics occur to him.

I am a tramp by the long trail's border, Given to squalor, rags and disorder. I nap and amble and yawn and look, Write fool-thoughts in my grubby book, Recite to the children, explore at my ease, Work when I work, beg when I please, Give crank drawings, that make folks stare, To the half-grown boys in the sunset-glare; And get me a place to sleep in the hay At the end of a live-and-let-live day.

I find in the stubble of the new-cut weeds
A whisper and a feasting, all one needs:
The whisper of the strawberries, white and red,
Here where the new-cut weeds lie dead.
But I would not walk all alone till I die
Without some life-drunk horns going by.
Up round this apple-earth they come,
Blasting the whispers of the morning dumb:—
Cars in a plain realistic row.
And fair dreams fade
When the raw horns blow.

The careering city
Whence each car came.
They tour from Memphis, Atlanta, Savannah,
Tallahassee and Texarkana.
They tour from St. Louis, Columbus, Manistee,
They tour from Peoria, Davenport, Kankakee.
Cars from Concord, Niagara, Boston,
Cars from Topeka, Emporia and Austin.

On each snapping pennant

A big black name-

Like a traincaller in Union Depot Cars from Chicago, Hannibal, Cairo,
Cars from Alton, Oswego, Toledo.
Cars from Buffalo, Kokomo, Delphi,
Cars from Lodi, Carmi, Loami.
Ho for Kansas, land that restores us
When houses choke us, and great books bore us!
While I watch the highroad
And look at the sky,
While I watch the clouds in amazing grandeur
Roll their legions without rain
Over the blistering Kansas plain—
While I sit by the milestone
And watch the sky,
The United States
Goes by!

To be given very harshly with a snapping explosiveness Listen to the iron horns, ripping, racking.
Listen to the quack horns, slack and clacking!
Way down the road, trilling like a toad,
Here comes the dice-horn, here comes the vice-horn,
Here comes the snarl-horn, brawl-horn, lewd-horn,
Followed by the prude-horn, bleak and squeaking:—
(Some of them from Kansas, some of them from Kansas).
Here comes the hod-horn, plod-horn, sod-horn,
Nevermore-to-roam-horn, loam-horn, home-horn,
(Some of them from Kansas, some of them from Kansas).

To be read or sung well-nigh in a whisper Far away the Rachel-Jane, Not defeated by the horns, Sings amid a hedge of thorns; "Love and life, Eternal youth— Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet! Dew and glory, Love and truth, Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!"

While smoke-black freights on the double-tracked rail-road,

Louder and louder, faster and faster

Driven as though by the foul-fiend's ox-goad,
Screaming to the west coat, screaming to the east,
Carry off a harvest, bring back a feast,
Harvesting machinery and harness for the beast.
The hand-cars whiz, and rattle on the rails;
The sunlight flashes on the tin dinner-pails.
And then, in an instant,
Ye modern men,
Behold the procession once again!
Listen to the iron-horns, ripping, racking!
Listen to the wise-horn, desperate-to-advise horn,
Listen to the fast-horn, kill-horn, blast-horn. . . .

In a rolling bass with increasing deliberation

With a snapping explosiveness

Far away the Rachel-Jane,
Not defeated by the horns,
Sings amid a hedge of thorns:—
"Love and life,
Eternal youth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet!
Dew and glory,
Love and Truth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet!"

To be sung or read well-nigh in a whisper The mufflers open on a score of cars

With wonderful thunder, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, To be brawled CRACK-CRACK, CRACK-CRACK, in the begin-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK, . . . ning with a snapping Listen to the gold-horn . . . explosiveness

ending in Old-horn . . . languorous

Cold-horn . . .

And all of the tunes, till the night comes down On hay-stack, and ant-hill, and wind-bitten town.

To be sung to exactly the same whispered tune as the first five lines

chant

Then far in the west, as in the beginning, Dim in the distance, sweet in retreating, Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-horn, Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-horn. . . .

This section beginning sonorously, ending in a languorous whisper

They are hunting the goals that they understand:— San Francisco and the brown sea-sand. My goal is the mystery the beggars win. I am caught in the web the night-winds spin. The edge of the wheat-ridge speaks to me; I talk with the leaves of the mulberry tree. And now I hear, as I sit all alone In the dusk, by another big Santa Fé stone, The souls of the tall corn gathering round, And the gay little souls of the grass in the ground. Listen to the tale the cotton-wood tells. Listen to the wind-mills singing o'er the wells. Listen to the whistling flutes without price Of myriad prophets out of paradise. . . . Harken to the wonder that the night-air carries.

Listen . . . to . . . the . . . whisper . . . Of . . . the . . . prairie . . . fairies Singing over the fairy plain: "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet! Love and glory, stars and rain, Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!"

To the same whispered tune as the Rachel-Jane song—but very slowly

.Vachel Lindsay

JAZZ FANTASIA

Drum on your drums, batter on your banjos, sob on the long cool winding saxophones. Go to it, O jazzmen.

Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the happy tin pans, let your trombones ooze, and go husha-husha-hush with the slippery sandpaper.

Moan like an autumn wind high in the lonesome treetops, moan soft like you wanted somebody terrible, cry like a racing car slipping away from a motor-cycle-cop, bangbang! you jazzmen, bang all together drums, traps, banjos, horns, tin cans—make two people fight on the top of a stairway and scratch each other's eyes in a clinch tumbling down the stairs.

Can the rough stuff. . . . Now a Mississippi steamboat pushes up the night river with a hoo-hoo-hoo-oo . . . and the green lanterns calling to the high soft stars . . . a red moon rides on the humps of the low river hills . . . go to it, O jazzmen.

Carl Sandburg

THE MOUNTAIN WHIPPOORWILL

How Hill-Billy Jim Won the Great Fiddlers' Prize

(A Georgia Romance)

Up in the mountains, it's lonesome all the time, (Sof' win' slewin' thu' the sweet-potato vine).

Up in the mountains, it's lonesome for a child, (Whippoorwills a-callin' when the sap runs wild).

Up in the mountains, mountains in the fog, Everythin's as lazy as an old houn' dog.

Born in the mountains, never raised a pet, Don't want nuthin' an' never got it yet.

Born in the mountains, lonesome-born, Raised runnin' ragged thu' the cockle burs and corn.

Never knew my pappy, mebbe never should. Think he was a fiddle made of mountain-laurel wood.

Never had a mammy to teach me pretty-please. Think she was a whippoorwill a-skitin' thu' the trees.

Never had a brother ner a whole pair of pants, But when I start to fiddle, why, yuh got to start to dance!

Listen to my fiddle—Kingdom Come—Kingdom Come! Hear the frogs a-chunkin' "Jug o' rum, Jug o' rum!" Hear that mountain-whippoorwill be lonesome in the air, An' I'll tell yuh how I traveled to the Essex County Fair.

Essex County has a mighty pretty fair, All the smarty fiddlers from the South come there.

Elbows flyin' as they rosin up the bow For the First Prize Contest in the Georgia Fiddlers' Show.

Old Dan Wheeling, with his whiskers in his ears, King-pin fiddler for nearly twenty years.

Big Tom Sargent, with his blue wall-eye, An' Little Jimmy Weezer that can make a fiddle cry.

All sittin' roun', spittin' high an' struttin' proud, (Listen, little whippoorwill, yuh better bug yore eyes!) Tun-a-tun-a-tunin' while the jedges told the crowd Them that got the mostest claps'd win the bestest prize.

Everybody waitin' for the first tweedle-dee, When in comes a-stumblin'—hill-billy me!

Bowed right pretty to the jedges an' the rest, Took a silver dollar from a hole inside my vest,

Plunked it on the table an' said, "There's my callin' card! An' any one that licks me—well, he's got to fiddle hard!"

Old Dan Wheeling he was laughin' fit to holler, Little Jimmy Weezer said, "There's one dead dollar!"

Big Tom Sargent had a yaller-toothy grin,
But I tucked my little whippoorwill spang underneath
my chin,

An' petted it an' tuned it till the jedges said, "Begin!"

Big Tom Sargent was the first in line; He could fiddle all the bugs off a sweet-potato vine.

He could fiddle down a possum from a mile-high tree. He could fiddle up a whale from the bottom of the sea.

Yuh could hear hands spankin' till they spanked each other raw,
When he finished variations on "Turkey in the Straw."

Little Jimmy Weezer was the next to play; He could fiddle all night, he could fiddle all day.

He could fiddle chills, he could fiddle fever, He could make a fiddle rustle like a lowland river.

He could make a fiddle croon like a lovin' woman, And they clapped like thunder when he'd finished strummin'.

Then came the ruck of the bob-tailed fiddlers, The let's-go-easies, the fair-to-middlers.

They got their claps, an' they lost their bicker, An' settled back for some more corn-licker.

An' the crowd was tired of their no-count squealing, When out in the center steps Old Dan Wheeling.

He fiddled high and he fiddled low,
(Listen, little whippoorwill; yuh got to spread yore wings!)

He fiddled with a cherrywood bow. (Old Dan Wheeling's got bee-honey in his strings.)

He fiddled the wind by the lonesome moon, He fiddled a most almighty tune.

He started fiddling like a ghost, He ended fiddling like a host.

He fiddled north an' he fiddled south, He fiddled the heart right out of yore mouth.

He fiddled here and he fiddled there, He fiddled salvation everywhere.

When he was finished, the crowd cut loose, (Whippoorwill, they's rain on yore breast.) And I sat there wonderin', "What's the use?" (Whippoorwill, fly home to yore nest.)

But I stood up pert, an' I took my bow, An' my fiddle went to my shoulder, so.

An'—they wasn't no crowd to get me fazed—But I was alone where I was raised.

Up in the mountains, so still it makes yuh skeered. Where God lies sleepin' in his big white beard.

An' I heard the sound of the squirrel in the pine, An' I heard the earth a-breathin' thu' the long night-time.

They've fiddled the rose an' they've fiddled the thorn, But they haven't fiddled the mountain-corn.

They've fiddled sinful an' fiddled moral, But they haven't fiddled the breshwood-laurel. They've fiddled loud, an' they've fiddled still, But they haven't fiddled the whippoorwill.

I started off with a dump-diddle-dump, (Oh, Hell's broke loose in Georgia!)
Skunk-cabbage growin' by the bee-gum stump. (Whippoorwill, yo're singin' now!)

Oh, Georgia booze is mighty fine booze,
The best yuh ever poured yuh,
But it eats the soles right offen yore shoes,
For Hell's broke loose in Georgia.
My mother was a whippoorwill pert,
My father, he was lazy,
But I'm Hell broke loose in a new store shirt
To fiddle all Georgia crazy.

Swing yore partners—up and down the middle!
Sashay now—oh, listen to that fiddle!
Flapjacks flippin' on a red-hot griddle,
An' hell broke loose,
Hell broke loose,
Fire on the mountains—snakes in the grass.
Satin's here a-bilin'—oh, Lordy, let him pass!
Go down Moses, set my people free,
Pop goes the weasel thu' the old Red Sea!
Jonah sittin' on a hickory-bough,
Up jumps a whale—an' where's yore prophet now?
Rabbit in the pea-patch, possum in the pot,
Try an' stop my fiddle, now my fiddle's gettin' hot!
Whippoorwill, singin' thu' the mountain hush,
Whippoorwill, shoutin' from the burnin' bush,

Whippoorwill, cryin' in the stable-door,
Sing to-night as yuh never sang before!
Hell's broke loose like a stompin' mountain-shoat,
Sing till yuh bust the gold in yore throat!
Hell's broke loose for forty miles aroun',
Bound to stop yore music if yuh don't sing it down.
Sing on the mountains, little whippoorwill,
Sing to the valleys, an' slap 'em with a hill,
For I'm struttin' high as an eagle's quill,
An' Hell's broke loose,
Hell's broke loose,
Hell's broke loose in Georgia!

They wasn't a sound when I stopped bowin', (Whippoorwill, yuh can sing no more.)
But, somewhere or other, the dawn was growin', (Oh, mountain whippoorwill!)

An' I thought, "I've fiddled all night an' lost. Yo're a good hill-billy, but yuh've been bossed."

So I went to congratulate old man Dan,

—But he put his fiddle into my han'—
An' then the noise of the crowd began.

Stephen Vincent Benét

POEMS CAN SING AND DANCE

The Cowboy's Dream

Cowboys sing a great deal because cattle like the sound of singing, especially at night. There are regular "longhorn lullabies." Do you think that this song would have a soothing effect? How would you describe its mood? Is it glad, sad, melancholy, or what? Is it real poetry? Real music? Why? Or why not?

Arrange to have your class give a program of cowboy songs. What elements do many of them have in common? Which songs provide variety?

America the Beautiful

How does Katherine Lee Bates suggest the spaciousness of America? Its beauties? Its historical splendor? Its future hope? What kind of music would best convey such glories? How should the chorus leader bring them out in his chorus? Do you feel that each stanza possesses two moods and that the music should correspond? Discuss.

That fine old hymn tune "Materna" is the music for the poem. What are its original words?

Recessional

"America the Beautiful" was written by a lover of America. Does "Recessional" reveal an equally ardent love for Britain by Kipling? Are these poems alike or different in thought and mood? Discuss this question seriously with your classmates.

In his book, Something of Myself, Kipling tells us that he wrote this poem during the Great Queen's Diamond Jubilee and that it was published in 1897 at the end of the Jubilee celebration. "It was more in the nature of a nuzz ur-wattu

[an Averter of the Evil Eye]," he says. What did he mean? Which lines suggest the close of the Diamond Jubilee?

Reginald de Koven wrote the music for the poem. You will want to study the music and its relation to the words.

A Vagabond Song

"Something in October sets the gipsy blood astir"; when this happens to a person, what mood is he in? Does the movement of the poem suggest a light-hearted mood? Why? Name the element of autumn which intoxicates the poet.

A Greeting

Here is another mood produced by contemplation of Nature's beauty. It is light-hearted but not careless; what is its mood? If these two poems were set to music, how should the musical settings differ?

Pirate Treasure

If we were to set this poem to music, we should break it into three or four different parts. The music of the first and last parts would be the same but the middle parts may be in another key and another time. Divide the poem according to the different feelings that could be expressed in the music. Which part might be in a minor key? For what voice or voices should the music just suggested be planned?

Come In from the Rain

This is a perfect expression of tenderness and sympathy. What kind of music does it suggest to you?

Canoe Nights

Do you know any boating song? What is the movement of its music? Do these lines have one movement or several? Why? Perhaps they have five movements because the sport

has five stages. Can you find these five divisions and read each properly? What is an "outrigger canoe"? You will find a picture of one on page 103.

The Listeners

Give the time, place, characters, and action.

This poem is eerie and very imaginative. Perhaps the old house is full of ghosts; what do you think? Notice lines 13, 14, 15, and 16; what effect do they produce? There are so many s sounds in the poem; do you think that that is just a mere coincidence or a part of the author's plan? Discuss.

The Refugees

In the early part of the World War, millions of peaceful Belgian and French citizens were driven from their homes. The author of this poem heard the sad procession in her imagination, and the picture became so clear to her that she has been able to give it to us. Notice especially stanza 5 and the sympathetic pictures. How do they make you feel?

The Santa Fé Trail

When Vachel Lindsay recited his poetry, he chanted, or sang, the lines. For the benefit of his readers, he inserted musical directions in the margins of his long poems. Assign the divisions to members of the class who can read them adequately; when each has practiced his part, put the parts together and try to get the effects which Lindsay wished you to get. Emphasize both sound and movement.

What comment on American life is in the poem? What is the goal of the automobile? Of the tramp? What is the effect of the bird's song?

Jazz Fantasia

Poets can even make jazz out of words. Describe the picture that you get of this orchestra in action. How is the irregular rhythm of the orchestra imitated? Has the poem any truly musical lines? What is its general effect?

The Mountain Whippoorwill

This is a story of a fiddling contest. Now make it a reading contest. Someone will represent Hill-Billy Jim; then there must be Old Dan Wheeling, Little Jimmy Weezer, Big Tom Sargent and somebody to read in-between descriptions. Read the descriptions of the fiddling as skillfully as possible and see if you think that Hill-Billy Jim deserved to win the contest.

GENERAL EXERCISE

Write a composition and call it: Poets Are Magicians with Words.







POEMS HELP US TO SEE

A Great Artist made the world and flung beauty about us on every hand. Skies, clouds, sunsets, hills, trees, rivers, lakes, and mountains, the processional glories of the seasons, birds and flowers provide a rich feast of beauty for

him who has eyes to see.

Poets have eyes which see. It was not written of them, "having eyes they see not." A poet sees and is able to store the fruit of the rich experience in his memory. He can call it up at will. You have sometimes seen an artist painting from life. Sometimes he paints from memory. The poet frequently paints his word pictures from memory. Wordsworth wrote of having seen ten thousand daffodils "tossing their heads in sprightly dance." And then, he says, they flash upon his inward eye. He means that at will he can call up in his imagination the beautiful sight and the joy he felt at seeing them.

For oft when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude And then my heart with pleasure fills And dances with the daffodils.

As a boy and man, Wordsworth lived in the lovely Lake Country of England. In one of his poems he tells us that, as a boy,

"I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams Wherever nature led." This is a common experience of boys and girls, this feeling of delight and freedom and exultation in woods and fields and the out-of-doors. The poet simply catches these sights and sounds and feelings in words for us.

Apple-green west and an orange bar; And the crystal light of a lone, one star . . . And, "Child, take the shears and cut what you will, Frost to-night—so clear and dead-still."

Then I sally forth, half sad, half proud, And I come to the velvet, imperial crowd, The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied The dahlias that reign by the garden side.

So Edith M. Thomas writes, in "Frost Tonight," of an experience, probably of her own youth. All the boys and girls of the prairies who use this book know this sunset sky—"apple-green west and an orange bar." And many boys and girls know the joy of gathering armfuls of flowers from the garden the night the first frost is coming. What a beautiful bouquet—"the wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied"!

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now Is hung with bloom along the bough, And stands about the woodland ride Wearing white for Easter-tide.

This is A. E. Housman's description, in "A Shropshire Lad," of the beauty of a fruit-tree blossoming in the spring. Many poets have written of the glories of spring and the burning colors of autumn and the cold crystal-

covered world of winter. If you watch as you read poetry,

you will discover these pictures.

The poet does not miss the beauty of many of the manmade things upon the earth. A Chicago poet wrote of her city:

> Oh the city trails gold tassels From the skirts of her purple gown, And lifts up her commerce castles Like a jewel-studded crown.

Man-built aeroplanes flying in formation are to the poet:

Five golden birds that purr against the sky Keeping their pace in a slow, obdurate file.

The stream-lined locomotive is "shaped long and arrowy,

for tearing the gusty side of space."

Sometimes the poet goes on excursions to dark unhappy places and returns with pictures. Down into Lady Street, where all day long the traffic goes "by dingy rows of sloven houses, tattered shops, fried fish, old clothes and fortune tellers," went a London poet. And what did he find? That there an old grey man keeps a vegetable shop and brings into it color and flowers and life.

And times a prize of violets
Or dewy mushrooms satin-skinned;
(And times) Gay daffodils, this grey man sets
Among his treasures.

There have been artists who delighted in painting pictures of peasants. Millet did that. You may know his

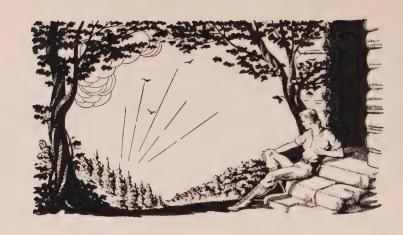
Man with the Hoe and his Song of the Lark. In these pictures are strong and simple people who live next to the soil. Some artists catch their pictures in marble. Poets do similar things in words. Look at this portrait of old Susan.

When Susan's work was done, she'd sit, With one fat guttering candle lit, And window opened wide to win The sweet night air to enter in: There, with a thumb to keep her place She would read, with stern and wrinkled face, Her mild eyes gliding very slow Across the letters to and fro, While wagged the guttering candle flame In the wind that through the window came. And sometimes in the silence she Would mumble a sentence audibly, Or shake her head as if to say, "You silly souls to act this way." And never a sound from night I'd hear, Unless some far-off cock crowed clear: Or her old shuffling thumb should turn Another page; and rapt and stern, Through her great glasses bent on me, She would glance into reality; And shake her old round silvery head, With—"You!—I thought you was in bed!" Only to tilt her book again, And rooted in Romance remain.

Walter De La Mare

Poets, then, will teach us to *see*, if we read them well. We ought to read with paint boxes and canvas handy!

Perhaps some boys and girls will do that and translate the word pictures into sketches. Let us all ask our memories to call up images for us out of our own experiences which will help us see the word-pictures of the poets. Let us ask our imaginations to create clear mind-pictures for us as we read. We shall then share the artistic experiences of the poets.



AT TWILIGHT

You are a painter—listen—
I'll paint you a picture too!
Of the long white lights that glisten
Through Michigan Avenue;
With the red lights down the middle
Where the street shines mirror-wet,
While the rain-strung sky is a fiddle
For the wind to feel and fret.
Look! far in the east great spaces
Meet out on the level lake,
Where the lit ships veil their faces
And glide like ghosts at a wake;
And up in the air, high over
The rain-shot shimmer of light,
The huge skyscrapers hover

¹ wake, a night watch over the dead before burial.

And shake out their stars at the night.

Oh, the city trails gold tassels

From the skirts of her purple gown,

And lifts up her commerce castles

Like a jewel-studded crown.

See, proudly she moves on, singing

Up the storm-dimmed track of time—

Road dark and dire,

Where each little light

Is a soul afire

Against the night!

Oh, grandly she marches, flinging

Her gifts at our feet, and singing!—

Have I chalked out a sketch in my rhyme?

Harriet Monroe

IN LADY STREET

All day long the traffic goes
In Lady Street by dingy rows
Of sloven houses, tattered shops—
Fried fish, old clothes and fortune-tellers—
Tall trams 1 on silver-shining rails,
With grinding wheels and swaying tops,
And lorries 2 with their corded bales,
And screeching cars. "Buy, buy!" the sellers
Of rags and bones and sickening meat
Cry all day long in Lady Street.

¹ trams, in England trolley cars are called trams.

² lorries, trucks.

And when the sunshine has its way In Lady Street, then all the grey Dull desolation grows in state More dull and grey and desolate, And the sun is a shamefast thing, A lord not comely-housed, a god Seeing what gods must blush to see, A song where it is ill to sing, And each gold ray despiteously Lies like a gold ironic rod.

Yet one grey man in Lady Street Looks for the sun. He never bent Life to his will, his traveling feet Have scaled no cloudy continent, Nor has the sickle-hand been strong. He lives in Lady Street; a bed, Four cobwebbed walls.

But all day long

A time is singing in his head
Of youth in Gloucester lanes. He hears
The wind among the barley-blades,
The tapping of the woodpeckers
On the smooth beeches, thistle-spades
Slicing the sinewy roots; he sees
The hooded filberts in the copse
Beyond the loaded orchard trees,
The netted avenues 1 of hops;

¹ netted avenues, lines of poles covered with coarse cloth, under which hops are grown.

He smells the honeysuckle thrown Along the hedge. He lives alone, Alone—yet not alone, for sweet Are Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

Aye, Gloucester lanes. For down below The cobwebbed room this grey man plies A trade, a coloured trade. A show Of many-coloured merchandise Is in his shop. Brown filberts there, And apples red with Gloucester air, And cauliflowers he keeps, and round Smooth marrows grown on Gloucester ground, Fat cabbages and yellow plums, And gaudy brave chrysanthemums; And times a glossy pheasant lies Among his store, not Tyrian dyes 1 More rich than are the neck-feathers; And times a prize of violets, Or dewy mushrooms satin-skinned, And times an unfamiliar wind Robbed of its woodland favour stirs Gay daffodils this grey man sets Among his treasure.

All day long

In Lady Street the traffic goes
By dingy houses, desolate rows
Of shops that stare like hopeless eyes.

¹ Tyrian dyes, usually a rich reddish purple, obtained from a shellfish in the harbor of Tyre (see note on page 113).

Day long the sellers cry their cries, The fortune-tellers tell no wrong Of lives that know not any right, And drift, that has not even the will To drift, toils through the day until The wage of sleep is won at night. But this grey man heeds not at all The hell of Lady Street. His stall Of many-coloured merchandise He makes a shining paradise, As all day long chrysanthemums He sells, and red and yellow plums And cauliflowers. In that one spot Of Lady Street the sun is not Ashamed to shine and send a rare Shower of colour through the air; The grey man says the sun is sweet On Gloucester lanes in Lady Street

John Drinkwater

A MOUNTAIN GATEWAY

I know a vale where I would go one day,
When June comes back and all the world once more
Is glad with summer. Deep with shade it lies,
A mighty cleft in the green bosoming hills,
A cool, dim gateway to the mountains' heart.

On either side the wooded slopes come down, Hemlock and beech and chestnut; here and there Through the deep forest laurel spreads and gleams, Pink-white as Daphne ¹ in her loveliness—
That still perfection from the world withdrawn,
As if the wood gods had arrested there
Immortal beauty in her breathless flight.

Far overhead against the arching blue Gray ledges overhang from dizzy heights Scarred by a thousand winters and untamed. The road winds in from the broad riverlands, Luring the happy traveler turn by turn, Up to the lofty mountain of the sky.

And where the road runs in the valley's foot, Through the dark woods the mountain stream comes down,

Singing and dancing all its youth away
Among the boulders and the shallow runs,
Where sunbeams pierce and mossy tree trunks hang,
Drenched all day long with murmuring sound and spray.
There, light of heart and footfree, I would go
Up to my home among the lasting hills,
And in my cabin doorway sit me down,
Companioned in that leafy solitude
By the wood ghosts of twilight and of peace.

And in that sweet seclusion I should hear, Among the cool-leafed beeches in the dusk, The calm-voiced thrushes at their evening hymn—

¹ Daphne, a nymph pursued by the sun god, Apollo. Praying to escape, she was changed into a laurel bush.

So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure, It well might be, in wisdom and in joy, The seraphs singing at the birth of time The unworn ritual of eternal things.

Bliss Carman

AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY ON THE PRAIRIE

In the Beginning

The sun is a huntress young, The sun is a red, red joy, The sun is an Indian girl, Of the tribe of the Illinois.

Mid-Morning

The sun is a smouldering fire, That creeps through the high gray plain, And leaves not a bush of cloud To blossom with flowers of rain.

Noon

The sun is a wounded deer, That treads pale grass in the skies, Shaking his golden horns, Flashing his baleful ² eyes.

¹ ritual, the form of ceremonies usually associated with church worship. ² baleful, woeful.

Sunset

The sun is an eagle old,
There in the windless west.
Atop of the spirit-cliffs
He builds him a crimson nest.—Vachel Lindsay

THREE PIECES ON THE SMOKE OF AUTUMN

Smoke of autumn is on it all.
The streamers loosen and travel.
The red west is stopped with a gray haze.
They fill the ash trees, they wrap the oaks,
They make a long-tailed rider
In the pocket of the first, the earliest evening star.

Three muskrats swim west on the Desplaines River.

There is a sheet of red ember glow on the river; it is dusk; and the muskrats one by one go on patrol routes west.

Around each slippery padding rat, a fan of ripples; in the silence of dusk a faint wash of ripples, the padding of the rats going west, in a dark and shivering river gold.

(A newspaper in my pocket says the Germans pierce the Italian line; I have letters from poets and sculptors in Greenwich Village; ¹ I have letters from an ambulance man in France and an I.W.W.² man in Vladivostok.³)

¹ Greenwich (Gren'ich) Village, a part of downtown New York.

² I.W.W., International Workers of the World, a radical organization.

³ Vladivostok, a city in Siberia.

I lean on an ash and watch the lights fall, the red ember glow, and three muskrats swim west in a fan of ripples on a sheet of river gold.

Better the blue silence and the gray west,
The autumn mist on the river,
And not any hate and not any love,
And not anything at all of the keen and the deep:
Only the peace of a dog head on a barn floor,
And the new corn shoveled in bushels
And the pumpkins brought from the corn rows,
Umber lights of the dark,
Umber lanterns of the loam dark.
Here a dog head dreams.
Not any hate, not any love.
Not anything but dreams.
Brother of dusk and umber.

Carl Sandburg



THE SONG OF THE CAMP FIRE

Heed me, feed me, I am hungry, I am red-tongued with desire;

Boughs of balsam, slabs of cedar, gummy fagots of the pine,

Heap them on me, let me hug them to my eager heart of fire,

Roaring, soaring up to heaven as a symbol and a sign.

Bring me knots of sunny maple, silver birch and tamarack;

Leaping, sweeping, I will lap them with my ardent wings of flame;

I will kindle them to glory, I will beat the darkness back; Streaming, gleaming, I will goad them to my glory and my fame.

Bring me gnarly limbs of live-oak, aid me in my frenzied fight;

Strips of iron-wood, scaly blue-gum, writhing redly in my hold;

With my lunge of lurid lances, with my whips that flail the night,

They will burgeon into beauty, they will foliate in gold.

Let me star the dim sierras, stab with light the inland seas;

Roaming wind and roaring darkness! seek no mercy at my hands;

¹ foliate, leaf out.

I will mock the marly heavens, I will lamp the purple prairies,

I will flaunt my deathless banners down the far, un-

houseled 2 lands.

In the vast and vaulted pine-gloom where the pillared forests frown,

By the sullen, bestial rivers running where God only knows,

On the starlit coral beaches when the combers thunder down,

In the death-spell of the barrens, in the shudder of the snows:

In a blazing belt of triumph from the palm-leaf to the pine,

As a symbol of defiance lo! the wilderness I span; And my beacons burn exultant as an everlasting sign

Of unending domination, of the mastery of Man;

I, the Life, the fierce Uplifter; I, that weaned him from the mire:

I, the angel and the devil; I, the tyrant and the slave;

I, the Spirit of the Struggle; I, the mighty God of Fire;

I, the Maker and Destroyer; I, the Giver and the Grave.

Robert W. Service

¹ marly, spotted, marbled.

² unhouseled, unaffected by the Christian religion.

THE PALATINE 1

IN THE "DARK AGES"

"Have you been with the King to Rome,
Brother, big brother?"

"I've been there and I've come home.
Back to your play, little brother."

"Oh, how high is Caesar's house,
Brother, big brother?"

"Goats about the doorways browse:
Nighthawks nest in the burnt roof-tree.
Home of the wild bird and home of the bee.
A thousand chambers of marble lie
Wide to the sun and the wind and the sky.
Poppies we find amongst our wheat
Grow on Caesar's banquet seat.
Cattle crop and neatherds 2 drowse
On the floors of Caesar's house."

"But what has become of Caesar's gold,
Brother, big brother?"

"The times are bad and the world is old—
Who knows the where of the Caesar's gold?
Night comes black on the Caesar's hill;
The wells are deep and the tales are ill;

¹ Palatine, pertaining to a palace, especially that of the Caesars. ² neatherds, shepherds.

Fireflies gleam in the damp and mould,—All that is left of the Caesar's gold.

Back to your play, little brother."

"What has become of the Caesar's men,
Brother, big brother?"
"Dogs in the kennel and wolf in the den
Howl for the fate of the Caesar's men.
Slain in Asia, slain in Gaul,
By Dacian border and Persian wall;
Rhineland orchard and Danube fen
Fatten their roots on Caesar's men."

"Why is the world so sad and wide,
Brother, big brother?"

"Saxon boys by their fields that bide
Need not know if the world is wide.
Climb no mountain but Shire-end Hill,
Cross no water but goes to mill;
Ox in the stable and cow in the byre,
Smell of the wood-smoke and sleep by the fire;
Sun-up in seed-time—a likely lad
Hurts not his head that the world is sad.
Back to your play, little brother."

Willa Cather

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN

In our lands be Beeres and Lyons of dyvers colours as ye redd, grene, black, and white. And in our land be also unicornes and these Unicornes slee many Lyons... Also there dare no man make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he sholde incontynent be sleyn.—Mediaeval Epistle of Pope Prester John.¹

Ι

Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded, Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,

And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus²

With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark!

For his eye was growing mellow Rich and ripe and red and yellow,

As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark!

Cho.—Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in the dark!

¹ Prester John, legendary medieval Christian priest reputed to rule over vast dominions in Asia.

² Polyphemus, the one-eyed giant who tried to devour Ulysses and his companions when they came to his island. Ulysses put out his eye when he was asleep.

II

Were they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's ugly shoulders

Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared and vinous glow,

Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among the boulders

And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes below?

Were they pines among the boulders Or the hair upon his shoulders?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know.

Cho.—We were simply singing seamen, so of course we couldn't know.

III

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a fountain

Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire; And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden mountain

There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to admire; For a troop of ghosts came round us, Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,

Then with grog they wellnigh drowned us, to the

depth of our desire!

Cho.—And 'twas very friendly of them, as a sailor can admire!

ΙV

There was music all about us, we were growing quite forgetful

We were only singing seamen from the dirt of Londontown,

Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to vanish half regretful

As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles down, When we saw a sudden figure,

Tall and black as any nigger,

Like the devil—only bigger—drawing near us with a frown!

Cho.—Like the devil—but much bigger—and he wore a golden crown!

V

And "What's all this?" he growls at us! With dignity we chaunted,

"Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put upon!"

"What? Englishmen?" he cries, "Well, if ye don't mind being haunted,

Faith you're welcome to my palace; I'm the famous Prester John!

Will ye walk into my palace?

I don't bear 'ee any malice!

One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester John!"

Cho.—So we walked into the palace and the halls of Prester John!

VI

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a hollow ruby—

Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger by a half!

And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape, a-staring like a booby,

And the skipper close behind him, with his tongue out like a calf!

Now the way to take it rightly

Was to walk along politely

Just as if you didn't notice—so I couldn't help but laugh!

Cho.—For they both forgot their manners and the crew was bound to laugh!

VII

But he took us through his palace and, my lads, as I'm a sinner,

We walked into an opal like a sunset-coloured cloud—"My dining-room," he says, and, quick as light we saw a dinner

Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd; And the skipper, swaying gently After dinner, murmurs faintly,

"I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you've done us very proud!"

Cho.—And we drank his health with honours, for he done us very proud!

VIII

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a feathered demon

Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree!
"That's the Phœnix," whispers Prester, "which all eddicated seamen

Knows the only one existent, and he's waiting for to flee!

When his hundred years expire Then he'll set hisself a-fire

And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see!" Cho.—With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful to see!

ΙX

Then he says, "In yonder forest there's a little silver river, And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall never die! The centuries go by, but Prester John endures forever

With his music in the mountains and his magic on the

While your hearts are growing colder,

While your world is growing older,
There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line
meets the sky."

Cho.—It shall call to singing seamen till the fount o' song is dry!

¹ $Ph\alpha nix$, fabulous bird, sacred to the sun, worshiped in Asia and Egypt; famous for its legendary power over its own life and death, being consumed by fire every hundred or more years and emerging from its ashes as a new bird.

X

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest fair defied us,—

First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible to see,

Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops and eyed us,

While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree!

We was trying to look thinner

Which was hard, because our dinner

Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat of high degree!

Cho.—Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole menarjeree!

ΧI

So we scuttled from that forest and across the poppy meadows

Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the dark!

And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping at our shadows,

And pulls away most joyful to the old black barque!

And home again we plodded

While the Polyphemus nodded

With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark,

Cho.—Oh, the moon above the mountains, red and yellow through the dark!

XII

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we blundered,

Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know

If the visions that we saw was caused by—here again we
pondered—

A tipple in a vision forty thousand years ago.

Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed

Make us *dream* of all that followed?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know!

Cho.—We were simple singing seamen, so of course we could not know.

Alfred Noyes

SAILOR TOWN

Along the wharves in sailor town a singing whisper goes Of the wind among the anchored ships, the wind that blows

Off a broad brimming water, where the summer day has died

Like a wounded whale a-sounding in the sunset tide.

There's a big China liner, gleaming like a gull,
And her lit ports flashing; there's the long gaunt hull
Of a Blue Funnel freighter with her derricks dark and
still;

And a tall barque loading at the lumber mill.

And in the shops of sailor town is every kind of thing That the sailormen buy there, or the ships' crews bring: Shackles for a sea-chest and pink cockatoos, Fifty-cent alarum clocks and dead men's shoes.

You can hear the gulls crying, and the cheerful noise Of a concertina going, and a singer's voice— And the wind's song and the tide's song, crooning soft and low

Rum old tunes in sailor town that seamen know.

I dreamed a dream in sailor town, a foolish dream and vain,

Of ships and men departed, of old days come again—And an old song in sailor town, an old song to sing When shipmate meets with shipmate in the evening.

Cicely Fox Smith

THE HEART OF LIGHT

Once, on a cliff, I saw perfection happen—
The full gold moon was balanced on the sea,
Just as the red sun rested on the moor.
The summer evening ripened and fell open;
And people walking through that fruit's rich core
Were suddenly what they were meant to be,
Quiet and happy, softly moving, lovely,
With still translucent faces and clear eyes,
And all their heads and bodies brightly rimmed
With delicate gold. So radiantly, so gravely
These people walked, so crowned, so golden-limbed,
The cliff seemed like an edge of Paradise.

Winifred Welles

THE ANGELUS¹

Mary and Manus are working the turf 2 together—Old they are the two of them, old and grey;
Over the bog the sea-wind sings in the heather,
Night clouds lie on the hill-tops far away.

They will have comfort now when the nights are colder,
They will have turf, aye, plenty of turf to spare;
Light she steps with the heavy creel on her shoulder,
Load on load for the stack he is building there.

There is a deeper note than the sea-wind's singing,
Clear it comes on the breath of the dying day;
Down in the hollow the bell from the chapel is ringing,
And Mary and Manus stand for a minute and pray.

Soft and low in the air each long note lingers,
Humbly bending their old grey heads they stand,
Making the holy sign with work-worn fingers,
Wrapped in the sudden peace that has blessed the land.

Is it the light of Heaven on the wide sea breaking,
Giving its glory out like a golden rain?
Aye, and with God's own light in their eyes awaking,
Mary and Manus are working the turf again.

Elizabeth Shane

¹ Angelus, a bell rung at morning, noon, and night from Roman Catholic churches as a call to worship.

² turf, peat, used as fuel in Irish cottages.

³ creel, a flat-sided basket.

MISTER HOP-TOAD

Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! Glad to see you out!
Bin a month o' Sundays sence I seen you hereabout.
Kind o' bin a-layin' in, from the frost and snow?
Good to see you out ag'in, it's bin so long ago!
Plows like slicin' cheese, and sod's loppin' over even;
Loam's like gingerbread, and clod's softer'n deceivin'—
Mister Hop-Toad, honest-true—Springtime—don't you love it?

You old rusty rascal you, at the bottom of it!

Oh, oh, oh!
I grabs up my old hoe;
But I sees you,
And s' I, "Ooh-ooh!

Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee-do!"

Make yourse'f more cumfo'bler—square round at your ease—

Don't set saggin' slanchwise, with your nose below your knees.

Swell that fat old throat o' yourn and lemme see you swaller;

Straighten up and hi'st your head!—You don't owe a dollar!—

Hain't no mor'gage on your land—ner no taxes, nuther; You don't haf to work no roads—even ef you'd ruther! 'F I was you, and fixed like you, I railly wouldn't keer To swop fer life and hop right in the presidential cheer! ¹ cheer, chair (dialect).

Oh, oh, oh! I hauls back my old hoe; But I sees you, And s' I, "Ooh-ooh!

Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee-do!"

Long about next Aprile, hoppin' down the furry, Won't you mind I ast you what 'peared to be the hurry?-

Won't you mind I hooked my hoe and hauled you back

and smiled?-

W'y bless you, Mister Hop-Toad, I love you like a child! S'pose I'd want to 'flict you any more'n what you air?-S'pose I think you got no rights 'cept the warts you wear? Hulk, sulk, and blink away, you old bloat-eyed rowdy!-Hain't you got a word to say?-Won't you tell me "Howdy"?

> Oh, oh, oh! I swish round my old hoe; But I sees you, And s' I, "Ooh-ooh! Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee-do!"

James Whitcomb Riley

WILD WEATHER

The sea was wild. The wind was proud. He shook my curtains like a shroud. He was a wet and worthy wind: His hair with wild sea-crystals twined:

¹ mind, remember (dialect).

His cloak with wild sea-grasses green; His slanted wings all gray and lean: And strange and swift, and fierce and free He cried, "Come out! and race with me!"

I snatched my mantle wide and red, And far along the cliffs I fled.

The cliff-grass bowed itself in fear,
The gulls forgot what path to steer;
Below the cliffs the broad waves broke
In trampled ranks like fighting folk;
The ships with grisly sea-wrack blind,
Dead-drunken, cursed that chasing wind.

My lips with salt were wild to taste. I leapt: I shouted and made haste: Along the cliffs, above the sea, With mad red mantle waving free, And hair that whipped the eyes of me.

And there was no one else but he, That great grim wind who called to me.

Oh, we ran far! Oh, we ran free!

Fannie Stearns Davis

FORMATION

Ι

Below they watch us winging mile on mile, Five golden birds that purr against the sky, Keeping their course in a slow, obdurate file, Flying as swift, unhasting seconds fly—.

Here there is thunder of the engine calling
And wind against my lips,
An earth below that blurs and slants and slips,
And Number Two before me—soaring, falling.

Π

The captain said before we made a start:

"Fly a good hangar's length apart
And keep your throttle low;
Don't jazz it—ease it out to go ahead,
And ease it back for slow."

And Number Two scowled, "You fly Three?

Well, watch your step; don't pile on top of me."

III

We have been swimming space for half an hour,
Torn loose, save for ourselves, from everything;
Edges of towns have slid beneath my wing
And clouds have marched beside it. Birds shoot by
Like stones whipped from a sling.
I could not tell now where we fly
Or guess how high.
Torn loose, save for ourselves, from everything . . .
About my ears the motor pounds and raves;
Before me Number Two ascends and falls
As though on house-high waves;
He mounts and falls upon the wind,
Now leaves me speedless, now comes eddying back
Until I feel the air his wings have thinned,
Disturbed and slack,

And poised above him, hang wing-baffled, sinking, Watching his tail-wires whip, his rudder wave; And smile a frozen, fear-edged smile with thinking How we could meet next moment in one grave.

IV

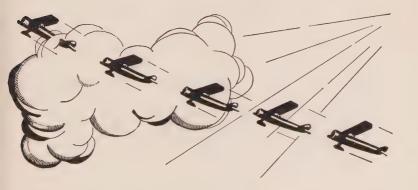
Torn loose, save for ourselves, from everything . . . There where the earth has made an end to space, Hand-linked, two lovers pace, Tingling with all they do not know; We swim above, remote and unaware. Hot work of years is spread below— Chimneys are marshaled row on row, Someone has made a river flow Where it was never meant to go-It does not seem to matter in the air. Houses laid hands upon us once, and men; We sat within four walls and wrought; We dug the soil, groomed beasts, and fought; Shall these things get the power they had again? The slow wing dips, it pivots for a turn, Roads, rivers, acres, roofs go flicking past; Idle as spinning wheel-spokes and as fast Under the yellow plane they charge and churn.

V

The clouds go by white, slow, and dour,
The wind sings at my lips,
The earth beneath me blurs and slants and slips,
And all around the engine shakes its power.

And we are not the golden birds men see Winging in obdurate file-Behind his goggles, mile on rushing mile, Each in his windy cockpit watches fearfully; Each pair of eyes on Two or Three or Four, Each ear strained taut to hear the motor's hum, And none remembers now the way that he has come; But we have flown through cloud and wind and roar And reached a height, and shall not be again Dust with the dust of earth—gray ghosts of men Sucked cold of fire by stone and steel and clay; For we have cruised the seas of upper day, And watched the thousand-handed world below Sinking wind-shaken, broad and slow Down wells of wind and light; And wondered at its vague green floor And marked no stir and heard no roar And smiled at shadows we feared before We rode this way of madness and new sight.

Frank Ernest Hill



EXPRESS TRAINS

Shaped long and arrowy
For tearing the gusty side of space,
Locomotives leap trembling across the still land.
Like rivers of certainty
That flow past our eyes and speak to our blood,
Locomotives and trains
Swell out of the dawn and dwindle and vanish in twilight.
At noon they are fierce as lean gushes of lava,
At night they are eager and lonely as stars.
If anyone look to the earth for his hope,
Or stare toward the rim of the world for peace to his heart,
Let him be answered now by the steel flight of trains,
Let him be comforted

MacKnight Black

MAN CARRYING BALE

Beside the paths of their cleanness.

The tough hand closes gently on the load;
Out of the mind, a voice
Calls "Lift!" and the arms, remembering well their work,
Lengthen and pause for help.
Then a slow ripple flows along the body,
While all the muscles call to one another:
"Lift!" and the bulging bale
Floats like a butterfly in June.

So moved the earliest carrier of bales,
And the same watchful sun
Glowed through his body, feeding it with light.
So will the last one move,
And halt, and dip his head, and lay his load
Down, and the muscles will relax and tremble . . .
Earth, you designed your man
Beautiful both in labor and repose.

Harold Monro

THE MAD WOMAN OF PUNNET'S TOWN

A-swell within her billowed skirts

Like a great ship with sails unfurled,

The mad woman goes gallantly

Upon the ridges of her world.

With eagle nose and wisps of gray
She strides upon the westward hills,
Swings her umbrella joyously
And waves it to the waving mills.

Talking and chuckling as she goes
Indifferent both to sun and rain,
With all that merry company:
The singing children of her brain.

L. A. G. Strong

EVENING

It is evening.

The mountains sit as impenetrable as Buddhas.1

The light falls upon their foreheads

Leaving their quiet forms and vast robes in darkness,

The sky hangs drooping above their heads

Like a canopy,

And the immense earth is awed beneath their feet.

Only the lowing of the cows and the calls of the herd boys in the meadows

Come faintly to their ears.

Elizabeth Coatsworth

¹ Buddha, founder of the great Eastern religion which teaches that salvation comes through constant meditation and concentration on truth.



POEMS HELP US TO SEE

At Twilight

Did you read this poem so carefully that you know these points?

Time:

Place:

Characters:

Why are landscapes often more beautiful in early evening than at other times of day? Choose the lines which give the most vivid pictures of the city and tell how you would illustrate them if you had the power. How did Harriet Monroe feel toward her city? Quote lines to prove that you know how she felt.

In Lady Street

Again, what is the

Time:

Place:

Character:

Here is another set of pictures from a city street. Tell your classmates how you know, from what the poet says, that Lady Street is very unpleasant. Are vegetable stores and stalls beautiful? Is it possible for them to be? "This grey man plies a coloured trade"; explain that line. Note the details which make up his coloured trade. What is the secret of the grey man? What explains his feeling for his store? What is the relation of Gloucester lanes to Lady Street?

A Mountain Gateway

Says the poet, "Light of heart and footfree, I would go up to my home among the lasting hills." At what time of the year will he go? And what beauties will surround him there? What spirit and atmosphere will he find? Is this picture more delightful than those of the city in "At Twilight"? What do you think?

An Indian Summer Day

Did you ever have a long golden October day to spend out-of-doors on the prairie? Perhaps you have noticed how the sun changes in appearance as the day grows old. First, says the poet, the sun is a _?, then a _?, then a _?, and finally an _?. Talk with your classmates about the changes in the metaphors and the reasons for them. Could a painter give the ideas which the poet gives? Why or why not?

Three Pieces on the Smoke of Autumn

Again, observe the

Time:

Place:

Character:

Could the poet enjoy the peace of this evening prairie scene? Why or why not? What problem or problems seem to be in his mind? Does he not suggest a solution for them? What is it? Tell how an artist could make the following line vivid: "Umber lanterns of the loam dark."

The Song of the Camp Fire

Read aloud in your very best style the first twelve lines of this poem. You are the campfire calling to be fed! Do you see the flames leaping and dancing? What words and phrases give you the picture of an active fire?

Where are campfires built? Explain this line: "As a symbol of defiance lo! the wilderness I span." There are campfires in "far unhouseled lands; in the vast and vaulted pine-

gloom." Pick out the other picture phrases and let your imagination play upon them.

Discuss with your classmates what the contradictions of the last lines mean. If you like discussion, speculate upon the relation of fire to the advancement of civilization.

The Palatine

Again, notice the

Time:

Place:

Characters:

Let two members of your class read this poem aloud as a dialogue. Caesar was once mighty, but what report does the traveler give of him now?

Find lines to illustrate:

Ruin:

Desolation:

Desecration:

Tranquil security:

Forty Singing Seamen

In this poem you are asked to go upon an excursion "across the seas of Wonderland" with forty singing seamen from London Town. After your class has read the poem carefully, let several boys who have good imaginations play the part of seamen and tell about the wonders they have seen. Those who do not act the part, will ask questions about the omissions: tell us about the dining-room of Prester John; tell us about the Phænix; tell us about the colored beasts of the forest; and so on. How refreshing to take trips into imaginary places! Don't you think so? Would you like a colored motion picture of this poem? Why? Why not?

Sailor Town

After you have read this poem thoughtfully, imagine that you have returned from an evening excursion in Sailor Town. Report what you saw and heard. What boats were in at the wharves? What did you buy in the shops? Did you sing the "rum old tunes"? By the way, what are rum old tunes? What dream did the poet have? Why close this colorful poem full of sights and sounds with this wistful note?

The Heart of Light

"I saw perfection happen," says the poet. Do you know how? Why? This is a word picture of a well-known beauty spot on the island of Nantucket. Is it photographic or has the poet added her own imaginative touches? Discuss.

The Angelus

This scene is Irish, is it not? Which details give the reader that fact? There is a beautiful picture called *The Angelus*. Get this picture and compare it with the poem. What does the poem do for you that the picture does not? And what does the picture suggest that you miss in the poem? What is the effect of this holy time upon Mary and Manus?

Mister Hop-Toad

Once when a Scottish poet was ploughing in his field, he turned up the nest of a mouse. Thereupon he wrote a poem called "To a Mouse." Evidently this poet found a hop-toad in his field while he was hoeing there. Let some of your class study "To a Mouse" and others study "Mister Hop-Toad." Then have an exchange of opinions on the likenesses and unlikenesses of the poems.

Wild Weather

"That chasing wind"! Is chasing the right adjective? How many words in the poem give you the picture of activity caused by the wind? Was the runner enjoying the wind or not? To what mood of nature do you respond most wholly? Discuss,

Formation

As you read this poem with all your mind, you will be flying in your imagination with the pilot of number Three in this formation of five aeroplanes. Take these two exercises in reading: (1) Note all the pictures the pilot glimpses as he "swims space"; (2) watch for what he says are his feelings and thoughts. What does the airman mean when he says,

"we shall not be again

Dust with the dust of earth—gray ghosts of men

Sucked cold of fire by stone and steel and clay"?

Express Trains

Has the poet succeeded in giving you a picture of *speed?* How has it been done? Which lines have the most vivid pictures for you?

Man Carrying Bale

The rhythmic response of a body suited to its task is beautiful, says the poet. Which line tells you that this muscular workman lifts his bale perfectly? Can you not, out of your own observation, give illustrations of beauty of motion in the body's response to feats of skill and strength? Find pictures of the two statues: *The Discobolus* and *The Thinker*. They illustrate two lines of this poem. Discover what and why.

The Mad Woman of Punnet's Town

Can you translate this vivid word picture into a drawing or sketch? What is the spirit you must represent? What can the poet give which is difficult for the artist?

Evening

First study a picture of a statue of Buddha. Then read the poem and check the characteristics in the following list which you find common to Buddha and the mountains: mystery, solemnity, great age, darkness, aloofness, inscrutability. What is the value of the details from our common life in the final lines of the poem?

ONE GENERAL QUESTION

How many poems about evening time have you had in this section of the book? Perhaps you will review by having a day's program of reading aloud the evening poems with appropriate discussion.





POEMS ARE BUILT FOR EFFECT

As we come to the final section of our book of poetry, let us keep in mind one general principle: poetry is an art of communication. The poet works with words, and words are chameleonlike things capable of producing many effects upon human eyes and ears and minds. The poet knows that he can give us his message in any number of forms but that one form will be more effective than all the others. This one will be the form most perfectly adapted to the ideas and emotions which the poet wishes to express. Poems are laid down, so to speak, in designs. You have only to run through the following pages to see a great many different designs. They are apparent to the eye.

Perhaps you have visited architects' offices and have seen blueprints, beautiful things, drawn to scale with the greatest accuracy. You may have glanced at what are called specifications, lists of the kind of lumber or the number of bricks or the measurements of girders required to turn these blueprints into structures. You may have wondered why men in the office were working on intricate mathematical calculations. The truth is that the design could not be translated into reality without such work on even the smallest details. The architect, however, does not lose himself in details. Always he has in his mind a vision of the finished building. He is working toward the total effect, the "mass." He knows that by using a few fundamental principles of construction in different combinations and then applying different surface detail

he can make a building look comfortable, dignified, delicate, or strong. The architect knows, too, that he has achieved most artistry and most beauty when the design of the building fits it most perfectly to the use intended.

Poets build on principles of construction as architects do. The poet may not actually use a blueprint, but he knows some principles and some secrets about designing poetry that enable him to build his poem surely and beautifully. The most important thing to him is that his poem communicates to the good reader his thought and emotion exactly. If he is a true poet, he does what the architect does; he makes his design and his materials serve his idea. "This building is to be a tomb," says the architect. That is the concept on which he builds, and he forces design, line, and material to express the dignity and beauty inherent in that concept. "This poem is about death," says the poet. He, in turn, forces design, line, and movement to express the dignity and beauty inherent in that concept.

The poems in this section have been chosen to illustrate different kinds of poetic design. The notes explain some interesting things about them. Try, first of all, to grasp the poet's message or his story and then study the design he has used, the devices of image, rhythm, and sound he has employed to convey to you that message. Try to determine how he has achieved effects so pleasing to eye,

ear, and mind.

Remember that poetry is written to be read aloud or to be chanted and that every poet wants people to *listen* to his poetry, not merely read it with the eye. The effects of sound and music are for the ear. The more you train

your ear to appreciate poetry, the greater will be your enjoyment of it. A poet, in expressing his thought, may arrange words according to any one of dozens of metrical and rhyming combinations; he may even use the kind of verse called "free," which has neither rhyme nor meter, but is governed by other principles of beauty in sound. It is not necessary for you to know technical names, unless you would like to. But if the form which he has chosen is right, your ear should tell you that it is right. A light humorous thought should not be expressed in long, slow-moving lines, or a sad thought in rhymes that make us smile by their very sound. Good poetic workmanship is tested by the ear.

The aim of this section of our book is to make us think more highly of conscious poetic skill, to show us that it clarifies and beautifies whatever message a poet wishes to share with us. A poem which is a perfect harmony of thought and design will give us pleasure. It is the pleasure which comes from the satisfaction of our senses of sight, sound, and the fitness of things. We feel and know that the total effect is right. To such a poem we can turn again and again and receive from it increasing joy.



THE BALLAD OF THE SANDPEEP GHOST

The quest for gold was a passion old When Jason sought the Fleece; From the rank and file to the top of the pile It has robbed mankind of peace.

Witness the tale of Polly Dan Who lived on Bowers' hill With an indolent louse who brought to his spouse His name and indolent will.

On a lone shore-road they met a Swede With rods for finding treasure Who told where Captain Kidd had sunk Gold bullion out of measure.

Next morning Polly spoke to Dan: "Tonight us two will go

And dig beneath that pasture rock Before the moon is low."

"But, Polly, don't you know they killed A man each time they hid Them glitterin' bars? A spirit guards That gold for Captain Kidd."

"Well, we've been poor now long enough: Half-frightened of your shadow, You'll come with me tonight and dig That gold there in the meadow."

At nine they took a spade and pick, A lantern not yet lighted,
And crept so cautiously along
That both of them were frighted.

They lit the lantern, started in, Dan picked and Polly spaded, When suddenly a piteous cry The pitch black night invaded.

"The ghost is here! I'll dig no more," Cried Dan to ghost and spouse, And shouldering the fatal pick, Leg-bailed it for the house.

A thousand yards, he stopped for breath, The heart in his throat was stuck, Making a noise like dump-cart wheels Knee-deep in gravelly muck. The stop was brief, too soon he heard A wail behind his lug,—
Some fiend of hell had broken through That foot of earth he dug.

Again he ran, and running caught The dead man's wail of wrath; It drove his short, untested legs Like pistons on the path.

He staggered home, threw down the pick, And shoved the small door in Where shadows mingling with the cry Made all his blood run thin.

Ten minutes more, old Polly came, Turned up the lamp and heard That ghost outside the window-sill Still wailing like a bird.

It was a bird. When sunrise cleared The dark off everything,
A reconnoitre showed the pick
Had pierced a sandpeep's wing.

Wilbert Snow

TO A POET

By Spring

Yes, Poet, I am coming down to earth,
To spend the merry months of blossom-time;
But don't break out in pæans of glad mirth
(Expressed in hackneyed rhyme.)

For once, dear Poet, won't you kindly skip Your ode of welcome? It is such a bore; I am no chicken, and I've made the trip Six thousand times or more.

And as I flutter earthward every year,
You must admit that it grows rather stale
When I arrive, repeatedly to hear
The same old annual "Hail"!

Time was when I enjoyed the poet's praise, Will Shakspere's song, or Mr. Milton's hymn; Or even certain little twittering lays By ladies quaint and prim.

Chaucer and Spenser filled me with delight,— And how I loved to hear Bob Herrick ¹ woo! Old Omar ² seemed to think I was all right, And Aristotle,³ too.

But I am sated with this fame and glory.

Oh, Poet, leave Parnassian 4 heights unscaled;

This time let me be spared the same old story,

And come for once unhailed!

Carolyn Wells

¹ Chaucer . . . Spenser . . . Herrick, famous English poets.

² Omar Khayyam, a Persian poet.

³ Aristotle, a Greek philosopher.

⁴ Parnassus, in Greek mythology, a mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there is some mistake. The only other sound's the sweep Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep. But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost

THE SNARE

I hear a sudden cry of pain! There is a rabbit in the snare: Now I hear the cry again, But I cannot tell from where. But I cannot tell from where He is calling out for aid! Crying on the frightened air, Making everything afraid!

Making everything afraid!
Wrinkling up his little face
As he cries again for aid;
—And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place Where his paw is in the snare! Little One! Oh, Little One! I am searching everywhere!

James Stephens

LONG FEUD

Where, without bloodshed, can there be A more relentless enmity
Than the long feud fought silently

Between man and the growing grass? Man's the aggressor, for he has Weapons to humble and harass

The impudent spears that charge upon His sacred privacy of lawn. He mows them down, and they are gone Only to lie in wait, although He builds above and digs below Where never a root would dare to go.

His are the triumphs till the day There's no more grass to cut away, And, weary of labor, weary of play,

Having exhausted every whim, He stretches out each conquering limb. And then the small grass covers him.

Louis Untermeyer

SING A SONG O' SHIPWRECK

He lolled on a bollard, a sun-burned son of the sea, With ear-rings of brass and a jumper of dungaree, "'N' many a queer lash-up have I seen," says he.

"But the toughest hooray o' the racket," he says, "I'll be sworn,

'N' the roughest traverse I worked since the day I was born,

Was a packet o' Sailor's Delight as I scoffed in the seas o' the Horn.

"All day long in the calm she had rolled to the swell, Rolling through fifty degrees till she clattered her bell; 'N' then came snow, 'n' a squall, 'n' a wind was colder 'n hell.

"It blew like the Bull of Barney, a beast of a breeze, 'N' over the rail come the cold green lollopin' seas, 'N' she went ashore at the dawn on the Ramirez.

"She was settlin' down by the stern when I got to the deck,

Her waist was a smother o' sea as was up to your neck, 'N' her masts were gone, 'n' her rails, 'n' she was a wreck.

"We rigged up a tackle, a purchase, a sort of a shift, To hoist the boats off o' the deck-house and get them adrift,

When her stern gives a sickenin' settle, her bows give a lift,

"'N' comes a crash of green water as sets me afloat With freezing fingers clutching the keel of a boat— The bottom-up whaler—'n' that was the juice of a note.

"Well, I clambers acrost o' the keel 'n' I gets me secured, When I sees a face in the white o' the smother to looard, So I gives 'im a 'and, 'n' be shot if it wasn't the stooard!

"So he climbs up forrard o' me, 'n' 'thanky,' a' says,
'N' we sits 'n' shivers 'n' freeze to the bone wi' the sprays,
'N' I sings 'Abel Brown,' 'n' the stooard he prays.

"Wi' never a dollop to sup nor a morsel to bite, The lips of us blue with the cold 'n' the heads of us light, Adrift in a Cape Horn sea for a day 'n' a night. "'N' then the stooard goes dotty 'n' puts a tune to his lip,
'N' moans about Love like a dern old hen wi' the pip—
(I sets no store upon stooards—they ain't no use on a ship).

"'N' 'mother,' the looney cackles, 'come 'n' put Willy to bed!'

So I says 'Dry up, or I'll fetch you a crack o' the head'; 'The kettle's a-bilin',' he answers, ''n' I'll go butter the bread.'

"'N' he falls to singin' some slush about clinkin' a can, 'N' at last he dies, so he does, 'n' I tells you, Jan, I was glad when he did, for he weren't no fun for a man.

"So he falls forrard, he does, 'n' he closes his eye,
'N' quiet he lays 'n' quiet I leaves him lie,
'N' I was alone with his corp, 'n' the cold green sea and
the sky.

"'N' then I dithers, I guess, for the next as I knew
Was the voice of a mate as was sayin' to one of the crew,
'Easy, my son, wi' the brandy, be shot if he ain't comin'to!'"

John Masefield

THE GREEN INN

I sicken of men's company,
The crowded tavern's din,
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win,
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse Or ragged coat and poor, But Silence waits within the gates, And Peace beside the door; The weary guest is welcomest, The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store—
Great drinks mixed cunningly,
Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odor of the sea;
As from a cup I drink it up
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost,
Yet ever fed and comforted,
Companioned by mine host,
And watched at night by that white light
High swung from coast to coast.

Oh, you who in the House of Strife Quarrel and game and sin, Come out and see what cheer may be For starveling souls and thin, Who come at last from drought and fast To sit in God's Green Inn.

Theodosia Garrison

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach, When the moon is new and thin, Into our hearts high yearnings Come welling and surging in;

¹ saurian, a lizardlike reptile.

² evolution, a development.

Come from the mystic ocean Whose rim no foot has trod,— Some of us call it Longing, And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates 1 drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood; 2
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth

BELLS

Long ago and long ago I ran across a story,
Such a little quirky tale! I loved it, every line:
Richard with his trusty cat traipsing up to London,
Halting at the crossway post to read the crooked sign;
Amber eye and velvet ear crumpled on his shoulder,
Brambles in his shabby clothes, doubting—should he
dare?

Troubled, facing home again, all his castles tumbled,—
then

Bow Bells crying sudden sweet, like angels in the air:

² rood, a cross.

¹ Socrates, a Greek philosopher and teacher who because of his advanced thinking was condemned to drink the poison hemlock.

Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London!
Look again, the miles are long,
But see the spires burn!
Try again, the towers shine!
(Prickles tingling up my spine,
Heart in mouth, Dick Whittington,
For fear you wouldn't turn!)

Lord Mayor of London, the dusty road you traveled Stretches straight and level now, paved with proper stones;

The ruffled coat they dressed you in has long ago unraveled,

And all the tides of Temple Bar 1 go loud above your bones.

Amber Eye is ash-of-fur; they lodged him near the larder; He died of stuffing pastry tarts and lapping yellow cream; Bow Bells' loud and lusty din has shouted many mayors in, But still I hear their challenge flung across the hills of dream:

Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London! Chanting through the deepest dusk, They ring your bright renown. . . .

¹ Temple Bar, a famous stone gateway which formerly stood before the Temple in London. It marked the boundary between the City proper and Westminster.

And though my steps were stumbling back, I laugh, and buckle on my pack, And turn again and take again The road to London Town!

Nancy Byrd Turner



SWUNG TO THE VOID

Once, suddenly, I found myself alone, Out in the void of a great city, filled With tremblings and the cry of many fears.

Making escape out of the human deep, I climbed heart-troubled to the leafy hills; And stretching on a bank above a stream, I gazed up to the dome of the high boughs, And wondered over life and life's alarms. And as I lay there asking for a sign, I saw a spider flash his filmy ropes Across the dome; saw him, with rapturous fall, Drop on a silver cable to the void, And hang serenely in the rosy beams Of sunset—hang all still and unafraid. And lo, a courage came upon my soul, With long, long thoughts of this adventurer, This little dweller in the floorless air, Held in the peace that folds the earth and stars.

Edwin Markham

BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT DAWN

Out of the cleansing night of stars and tides, Building itself anew in the slow dawn, The long sea-city rises: night is gone, Day is not yet; still merciful, she hides Her summoning brow, and still the night-car glides Empty of faces; the night-watchmen yawn One to the other, and shiver and pass on, Nor yet a soul over the great bridge rides.

Frail as a gossamer, a thing of air,

A bow of shadow o'er the river flung,

Its sleepy masts and lonely lapping flood;

Who, seeing thus the bridge a-slumber there,

Would dream such softness, like a picture hung,

Is wrought of human thunder, iron and blood?

Richard Le Gallienne

IN A TEN CENT STORE

Paper carnations and roses made of wax,
Bright as those roses held in memory,
And a shawled woman puts her purse to tax
To carry home a bit of Italy;
Cheap lace is here, and ribbons, painted shells
That have forgotten how the ocean sings,
Lettered as souvenirs. Here Dante 2 dwells
With "How to love" and "Secret lives of kings."

Glass rings and rouge, housepaint and muffin tins; The Danube painted by a generous hand

¹ gossamer, cobweb.

² Dante, a great Italian poet.

Puts Delft ¹ to shame. Oilcloth and safety-pins, Hairpins and pie,—a chaos neatly planned. But once I saw the Buddha ² brooding there, His altar, bibs and nets to hold the hair.

Elizabeth Evelyn Moore

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place; and in the sky, The larks, still bravely singing, fly, Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

¹ Delft, pottery, deep blue in color. See footnote, page 57. ² Buddha, see footnote, page 178.

BURGLARS

Did you ever know of a more noisy, more bunglesome pair of burglars

Than wind and rain?

Working all night to jimmy one door-lock, drawing diamond after diamond

Down one pane?

Then suddenly going wild and trying to throw the whole house

Into the lane?

They'll not get in, but when you walk around out of doors in the morning

You'll find the loot

They've scattered behind them because they weren't able to carry it:

Cornshocks and fruit.

Rain's a slow worker, but rain's more deadly in the long run;

The wind's the brute.

They'll not get in, not now. But every year some farmer's Roof is taken.

And from the way they keep on coming, and the wild surly way

Those doors are shaken,

I'd not much wonder if they get us too, when we're asleep sometime

And fail to waken.

Maurice Lesemann

A MILE WITH ME

O, who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,¹
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
When he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend, I fain would walk till journey's end, Through summer sunshine, winter rain, And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

Henry van Dyke

¹ lea, meadow.

MAGNOLIA

Dusky and strong,
You lift high your branches,
Mighty magnolia;
Starred in rayed clusters,
Green, glossy, shining,
With thousands of leaves;
Sixty feet high
From the base to the top,
Green cone of glory:
Waking in spring
With the beautiful cream-white cups of your blossom,
Charmed into opening
By the mocking-bird's mad bursts of song.

Gulfwards they know you,
Where the chocolate-brown rivers boiling and fretting
Sway silently southward
Past the flat cotton-fields.
De Soto 1 stood under your branches,
Whetting his sword;
Marquette 2 tied his boat where you stood overshadowing

some bayou,

Knelt there and prayed; La Salle ³ planted beside you the golden lilies of France,

¹ De Soto, the Spanish explorer who discovered the Mississippi River. ² Marquette, a French missionary and explorer of the Mississippi River. ³ La Salle, a French explorer who established forts in the Mississippi

³ La Salle, a French explorer who established forts in the Mississippi Valley and named a large part of it Louisiana after his King, Louis XIV.

Proud and alone;

You are the dream of a forgotten Empire,

Louisiana and a lithe fiery quadroon singing.

Leather-legged hunters stuck your leaves in their coonskin caps,

Calico-clad settlers tied your blooms to the bonnets of

their wagons.

Dusky and strong,
You lift high your branches,
Mighty magnolia;
Forgetting, not knowing
How war raged once under your shade.
Iron guns of Vicksburg ¹
Once boomed through your branches,
Whistling and whirling
Green leaves to the ground:
You were the hope of the south,
Here bugles blared, here flags were flung

Here bugles blared, here flags were flung, here regiments raised a ragged cheer,

Here too the site of many a shallow grave

At which some blue-eyed farmer's boy clutched at the bloody grass.

You guarded too the stately house
With its white fluted pillars;
Smooth-ruffled silks within were spread beneath the lustres,

Low bosoms gleamed, the fiddlers scraped like mad;

¹ Vicksburg, a city in Mississippi besieged during the Civil War by Union forces and taken in 1863.

The music shook you as you dreamed within the moon-light,

Mad kisses and low murmurs thrilled your branches: Spurs clinked as voices from the veranda started Dixie, And long-curled gallants drank a toast to the new-born Stars and Bars.

Dusky and strong,
Dusky, deep-green,
Jade green and faint gold,
You stand now apart.
Apart from this age and its impotent clamor
Its ravening fury, its pillage of ultimate destruction;
Apart from all things, dreaming only
Of an empire lost and forgotten,
Blown like the faint perfume from your chalices of snow,
Spreading about your dark trunk and your deep heavy
shade to draw me

In the stifling slow midsummer days to the red-brown Southland still.

John Gould Fletcher

FREIGHT CAR

Motion ended, it stood in the appointed place, coming to rest with a sound of distant impact, having picked its way, pauseless, unhesitating, certain, pursuing one course through a mazy web of courses at the call of a voice from the shadow and the glow of lights in the darkness

in the smoke-dark evening of a cold winter night.

At the call of a voice from the shadow and the glow of lights in the darkness,

pursuing one course through a mazy web of courses, having picked its way, pauseless, unhesitating, certain, coming to rest with a sound of distant impact, motion ended, it stood in the appointed place.

Laurent B. Frantz

IMPRESSION—IV

the hours rise up putting off stars and it is dawn into the street of the sky light walks scattering poems

on earth a candle is
extinguished the city
wakes
with a song upon her
mouth having death in her eyes

and it is dawn the world goes forth to murder dreams. . . .

i see in the street where strong men are digging bread and i see the brutal faces of people contented hideous hopeless cruel happy and it is day,

in the mirror
i see a frail
man
dreaming
dreams
dreams in the mirror
and it
is dusk on earth

a candle is lighted and it is dark. the people are in their houses the frail man is in his bed the city

sleeps with death upon her mouth having a song in her eyes the hours descend, putting on stars. . . .

in the street of the sky night walks scattering poems

E. E. Cummings

AMERICA

Up and down he goes, with terrible, reckless strides, flaunting great lamps with joyous swings—

one to the East and one to the West and flaunting two words in a thunderous call that thrills the hearts of all enemies: All, One; All, One; All, One! Beware that queer wild wonderful boy and his playground; don't go near! All, One; All, One; All, One! Up and down he goes.

Alfred Kreymborg



POEMS ARE BUILT FOR EFFECT

The Ballad of the Sandpeep Ghost

Read the first stanza; stop and reflect upon its meaning. Read the ballad quickly. What is the relation of the first

stanza to the story of the poem?

Dan and Polly were very superstitious people. How many details tell you that? This whole experience would be very real to them. Do you think that they laughed heartily when they discovered that their ghost was a bird? Why? Or why

So many of the old ballads were written about superstitious people who had fearful experiences that it seems fitting to have this story told in the ballad form. The title suggests humor; therefore, you might expect the poem to be told with speed and vividness. To get this effect, the poet chose the so-called "ballad stanza," which for hundreds of years has been used in storytelling. Read several of these stanzas aloud in singsong fashion. How many syllables does your voice emphasize in the first line? We call such an emphasis an accent. How many are there in the second line? In the third? In the fourth? Which lines rhyme? What, then, is the "ballad stanza"?

To a Poet and Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

These poems, like the ballad, are written in groups of four lines. We call such groups of lines *quatrains*. But, when you read them aloud, you will notice that the lines move more slowly, giving you more chance for thought. See if you can tell what makes them slower.

Discuss with your teacher the mood of each poem and show how this movement of each poem emphasizes the mood.

Which of these two poems appeals more to your ear?

The Snare

In these quatrains, the chief effect is given by the skilful repetitions of rhyme. They are intended to suggest something the poet hears again and again—what?

Why did the poet use such very simple words? Two feelings are created and sustained: namely, anxiety and distress. How? What is the effect of the repetition of this line: I cannot tell from where?

Long Feud

Here is a poem in a short stanza that is not a quatrain. The name of this stanza is triplet. Notice what the rhyme scheme is.

What words would you choose to describe a feud of longstanding hatred between two people? All the bitter words in the language might serve you. Now read this poem and notice how light the language and how light the lines are. Why? Does the triplet with its characteristic rhyme scheme help to give this effect? Why? Is the ending unexpected?

Sing a Song o' Shipwreck

Some poems give the effect of walking; others of running, or dancing, or galloping, or rocking. Here is a poem about a shipwrecked sailor tossed up and down by rolling waves. So Masefield makes each line suggest the motion. Singsong the lines, and see whether you can hear the difference between them and the lines in any of the previous five poems. Then, if you are interested to know what makes the difference, ask your teacher to explain the word foot, as it is used in poetry.

Do you, or do you not, like the abrupt ending just at the point when you are most interested? Do you know what we call such an ending?

The Green Inn

Six-line stanzas are popular with poets because there are so many different ways to rhyme them. Can you suggest at least two other ways besides the one used here?

What is the spirit of "The Green Inn"? What effect does it have on men? Although the lines are short, why is the

verse slow-paced, calm, almost solemn?

Contrast "The Green Inn" with "The House of Strife."

Each in His Own Tongue

When repetition comes at the end of each stanza of a poem it is usually called *refrain*. Why are refrains seldom used in stanzas shorter than six or eight lines? Is the purpose of this refrain to leave a definite thought in our minds, or a definite sound in our ears? Is the appeal of this poem chiefly to our minds? Or to our feelings? Consider stanzas one and two in this connection. Is God a creature of our minds or hearts? Or both? Discuss.

Bells

Suppose you divide this poem into two parts, the Poet's part and the Bells' part. Let someone read aloud the Poet's part and someone else, the Bells' part. Do you then see any reason for the alternation of a long-line stanza and a short-line stanza?

As you read aloud or hear stanzas one and three, they should strike your ear as different in sound from any that you have read before in this section. The reason is that the poet has placed his accents differently. See if you can tell how many kinds of feet you have had so far.

Swung to the Void

Have you ever known that sudden feeling of being "lost" in the midst of a crowd? Tell whether the poem as a whole

makes you feel excited, calm, happy, angry, afraid, or confident.

The verse in which it is written expresses many sorts of feelings equally well. It is called "blank verse." Since it is used so often in English, you should look at it carefully. How many accents are there in a line? Are all the lines the same? Do they rhyme? Have you had other poems in this meter in this collection?

Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn

Verse forms, like people, sometimes travel.

Four hundred years ago, a young Englishman who was in Italy heard and liked some poems of fourteen rhymed iambic pentameter lines. He brought them home to England and soon had everyone talking about and copying these forms called *sonnets*.

Sonnets often give the reader strong comparisons or strong contrasts. Which do you find here?

Notice that the poet spends eight lines upon a description of the time of day and only six lines upon the bridge. What do you think of that division? Can you guess a reason for it?

In a Ten Cent Store

Just for fun, see whether you can tell the difference in rhymes between this sonnet and the previous one. Look particularly at the last two lines. Shakespeare liked to rhyme his sonnets in this way.

"A chaos neatly planned," says the poet of the store. Are details arranged in order in a ten cent store? In this poem? What then suggests chaos? What feeling does the poet have toward the store? It is pretty neat to pack a ten cent store into a sonnet!

In Flanders Fields

This very famous poem of the World War was written by a Canadian doctor who died at his post in France. Perhaps he knew something about French verse forms. Anyway, he wrote this poem in a French form called the *rondeau*. It is not so easy to write as it looks, but its sound to the ear is lovely.

Burglars

If you were writing poetry about the wind and the rain, would you make them seem like quiet, well-behaved people? Would you fit them into nice, even, prim lines of verse? Or would you do what Maurice Lesemann has done? Why? Or why not?

A Mile with Me

When you read this poem aloud, the lines flow along so smoothly that you may think it easy to imitate them. But just try it! The first sixteen lines have only two rhyming sounds. Moreover, the balance between ideas expressed in the first two stanzas is exact in every detail. You might try reading these stanzas as an antiphony. Ask your teacher how to do it. How many companions of yours are like the one described in the poem?

Magnolia

Do you know the magnolia tree? How does John Gould Fletcher give it age and historical associations in this poem? Does he wish to suggest that it is an intimate tree or not?

Few poems were written in this form before 1912. As in any good poem, the words of it are musical; but the verse has not the music or rhyme and regular accents. Its effect is based on the music made by the natural rise and fall of the

voice (called *cadence*) in reading its sentences. Read it aloud and see whether you like the sound of it. It is called *cadenced* verse or free verse.

Verse of this kind is difficult to write well for it has laws of its own.

Freight Car

"Stunts" are interesting in poetry as in any other field. What does this stunt consist of? Have you ever watched freight cars being shunted back and forth in a railroad yard? How does this poem suggest their motion?

As a final test for your ears, tell whether this poem is free verse or not.

Impression—IV

This free-verse poet says, "Why bother with punctuation and capitals if the sense is clear?" Is it clear? Is this day of the poem a happy day? "the world goes forth to murder dreams"—what does that line mean? "the city wakes"—how? "the city sleeps"—how? Finish those lines and explain them if you can.

How does the poem give the effect of a circle?

America

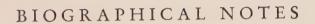
What is the difference between reading and chanting? What would make it easy to chant this poem? Try it all together in class.

Who is the "boy"? Why is he calling, "All, One"? What figure of speech is used in this poem? What are the suggestions made about America?

GENERAL QUESTION

The architecture of a building betrays its builder; the technique of a picture names its artist; the construction of a poem reveals its writer. See if you can decide what some of these poets believe about poetry from these examples of their art. Look up other poems by the same authors, and see if they reveal the same characteristics of form and thought.







BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Adams, Franklin Pierce (1881-), is best known to readers as F.P.A. He attended the University of Michigan and later joined the staff of the *Chicago Journal*. By 1904 he was living in New York. After working on several other newspapers, he conducted a column, "The Conning Tower," in the *New York Herald Tribune* from 1931 to 1937. This was considered one of the wittiest of newspaper columns and enjoyed great popularity. Now he is conducting a column for the *New York Post*. Mr. Adams has published ten volumes of verse. His home is in Westport, Connecticut.

Auslander, Joseph (1897), studied at Columbia University, and later went to Harvard. After several years of graduate work, some of which were spent at the Sorbonne, in Paris, he taught English at Harvard. Since 1929, he has been a lecturer in poetry at Columbia University. He has published translations, miscellaneous prose, and four volumes of poetry. In collaboration with Frank Ernest Hill (see page 237), he wrote *The Winged Horse*, a volume of literary sketches of English poets from 1400 to 1900, and he edited an anthology of poems to accompany this book.

Baker, Karle Wilson (1878-), was born in Little Rock, Arkansas. After studying at the University of Chicago, Columbia University, and the University of California, she began to contribute stories, essays, and poems to magazines, writing under the name Charlotte Wilson. From 1925 to to 1934 she taught English in a Texas State Teachers College. Besides contributing to many magazines, she has published two volumes of verse and nonsense fairy books for children.

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Bangs, John Kendrick (1862-1922), was a lecturer, humorist, and novelist. After he was graduated from Columbia University, he worked in his father's law office for a year; then he turned to editorial work. For a time he was associated with *Life*, then with *Harper's Magazine* and other periodicals. His first story was published in 1886, and after that he wrote a great many stories, all of which were characterized by some humorous situation. Two of his well-known books are *A Houseboat on the Styx* and *Ghosts I Have Met*.

Bates, Katherine Lee (1859-1929), lived most of her life in Massachusetts, where she was born. After graduating from Wellesley College, she studied at Oxford, England. Later she returned to Wellesley College and for forty years taught in the English Department, becoming professor emeritus in 1925. Her wide range of interests was evident from the extent of her travels and from the number of clubs and organizations to which she belonged. Published books of hers include not only poetry, but also literary history, textbooks, juvenile fiction, and plays.

Benét, Stephen Vincent (1898-), was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. His father was a colonel in the United States Army. Much of Benét's childhood was spent in travel and living near government arsenals. His interest in poetry was developed early by his father, and when he was seventeen, the year that he entered Yale, his first book of poetry was published. A second volume appeared the year before his graduation, in 1919. In 1926 he was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship, which gave him the opportunity to complete his long poem about the Civil War, John Brown's Body. This won the Pulitzer prize in 1928. With his wife, Rosemary Carr, he has written a volume of verse sketches of famous

American characters. Besides several volumes of verse, he has written four novels.

Bewsher, Paul (1894-), was born in England and educated at St. Paul's School, London. During the World War, he served with the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Air Force. For his exploits at Zeebrugge and elsewhere on the Belgian coast he won several war honors. After a year of lecturing in both England and the United States, he joined the staff of the *London Daily Mail*. Most of his poetry concerns his air experiences. "The Bombing of Bruges" and "The Adventures of a Night Bomber" are as well known as "The Dawn Patrol."

BLACK, MACKNIGHT (1896-1931), was born in Johnstown, New York. He was educated at Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, and at Harvard University. During the World War, he served in the Navy on the transport Marica. After the war, he became a reporter and staff correspondent on the Philadelphia Public Ledger and later an advertising writer. His interest in machinery dated back to his days in the Navy. "I spent a great deal of my time on board ship in the engine room," he explained, "and in that way first became attracted to the possibilities of power machinery as material for interpretation in poetry. . . . I have written about machines because in their clarity and precision they are the most beautiful and moving things I know. I have found a deep satisfaction in writing about them because in their power and perfection they are to me the truest symbols of man's new knowledge of the world and life."

BODENHEIM, MAXWELL (1895-), was born in Natchez, Mississippi. After a grammar school training, he enlisted, at

the age of eighteen, in the United States Army. Three years later he began the study of law in Chicago, but gave that up for courses in art. During these years he was writing poetry but it was some time before his ability was recognized. His first volume of verse appeared in 1918. Since then he has published not only several volumes of verse, but eight novels, as well.

Bowers, Mildred (Mrs. John Tilt Armstrong), has taught English in the high school of Friends Seminary, New York City. She formerly lived in San Diego, California. She has published one volume of verse, *Twist o' Smoke*.

Brown, Abbie Farwell (1873-1927), was born in Boston. After she was graduated from Radcliffe College in 1894, she traveled abroad for a time. Later she returned to make her home in Boston. She wrote many books for children, several short stories, plays, cantatas, and songs, as well as poems. For her short stories she was awarded two prizes.

Burnet, Dana (1888-), was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. He studied law at Cornell but, after graduation, turned to newspaper work. For seven years he was on the staff of the New York Evening Sun. In the winter of 1917-1918 he was sent to France as a special writer. He devotes himself entirely to writing and has as his achievements works of fiction, poetry, and drama.

Bynner, Witter (1881-), was born in Brooklyn. After his graduation from Harvard, he was literary editor on *Mc-Clure's Magazine*. For a time he lectured, and later he taught at the University of California. Since 1923, he has made his home at Santa Fe, New Mexico. Among his interests are two

of outstanding importance: one is the culture of the American Indian of the Southwest, and the other is the culture of the Chinese. He has a notable collection of Chinese paintings. His published works include many volumes of poems, plays, and translations.

Carman, Bliss (1861-1929), was a native of New Brunswick, Canada, the Acadia of Longfellow's poem. After he took his university training at Edinburgh, he then came to the United States where he continued his studies at Harvard. For two years he read law; then he studied civil engineering. Next he traveled, and then he did some editorial work. After his first volume of poems, published in 1893, he wrote three small volumes of verse in collaboration with Richard Hovey. He was at his best in the writing of spontaneous nature poetry. After 1894, he devoted himself entirely to literature and published several small volumes of verse, among them *April Airs* (1916) and *Far Horizons* (1925). In 1927, he edited the *Oxford Book of American Verse*.

CARRUTH, WILLIAM HERBERT (1859-1924), was born in Kansas. He studied at the University of Kansas and, after further work in Harvard and in a German university, returned home to spend the rest of his life as a university professor. He taught first at the University of Kansas, then at Leland Stanford University, California. He published textbooks and professional articles, as well as two volumes of verse.

CATHER, WILLA SIBERT (1876-), was born in Virginia, but she has spent most of her life in the Middle West. When she was eight years old, her family moved to Nebraska, where she later attended the state university. For six years she was editor of *McClure's Magazine*. After experience in both

newspaper and editorial work, she turned her attention altogether to writing. Her verse was written early in her career, her one book of poetry being published in 1903. Since then, she has written many novels, for which she has been honored by universities both at home and abroad. In 1933, she was awarded the "Prix Femina Americaine," a French distinction, for "distinguished literary accomplishment."

Coatsworth, Elizabeth (1893-), was born in Buffalo, New York. Travel has been the greatest influence in her life, and much of her poetry has resulted from impressions received during her journeys. Since 1908, when she visited Mexico, she has traveled all over the world. She has written a great deal of juvenile poetry and fiction. In 1930 she was awarded the Newberry Medal for the best children's story of the year. She has contributed to magazines and has published three volumes of poetry. Her home is in Hingham, Massachusetts.

COLUM, PADRAIC (1881-), was born in Ireland. About the year 1900, he was associated with Lady Gregory and William Butler Yeats in the Irish Theater movement which resulted in the founding of the Abbey Theater, the Irish national theater. His plays were among the first to be produced by the Irish theater group. His interests were also literary, and in 1911 he helped to establish the *Irish Review*. By 1916 he was living in the United States where he lectured and wrote on Irish literature. In 1923, he was invited by the Hawaiian legislature to make a survey of the native myths and folklore and to write them into stories for the children of the island.

Conkling, Hilda (1910-), the daughter of Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling, began to compose verse when she was four

years old. Her mother wrote down these "songs" as Hilda told them to her, carefully indicating by divisions and punctuation the original cadences of the child's voice. Hilda's exceptional gift was something added to a normal, happy, healthy childhood. As she has grown older, her creative ability has developed accordingly.

Crane, Nathalia (1913-), born in New York City, was writing verse by the time she was eight years old. At nine she sent one of her poems to a newspaper, and it was published. In 1924, when she was eleven, her first volume of verse was brought out. Other volumes followed, in 1925, 1926, 1928, and 1930. In 1926 and again in 1929 she published two novels. At about this time it was stipulated by a friend who was sending her to college that for five years she should not publish anything. During this period she attended the University of Madrid (her mother is Spanish) and later, in 1933, Barnard College, New York City. She is now graduated, the five years are up, and another volume of verse, Swear by the Night, was published in 1936. At present she is teaching.

Cullen, Countée (1903-), born in New York City, is one of the group of gifted young Negro poets. Educated at New York University and at Harvard, he published his first collection of poems in 1925. For three years he was an editor of *Opportunity*, a Negro literary magazine. In 1928, he was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship, which afforded him leisure for writing. Since 1925, he has published four volumes of poetry, a novel, and has edited an anthology of poems by America's Negro poets.

CUMMINGS, EDWARD ESTLIN (1894-), was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. As soon as he was graduated from

Harvard, he went to France to enlist as a volunteer ambulance driver during the World War. When the United States entered the war, he re-enlisted as a private. After the war, he lived in Paris for several years, but he now makes his home in New York City. Cummings is a painter of note as well as a poet. In 1931, he published a volume called *CIOPW*, which included reproductions of his own sketches in charcoal, ink, oil, pencil, and water color. The six volumes of poetry which he has published are noted chiefly for the many experiments he tries in poetic composition and in typography.

Daly, Thomas Augustine (1871-), is one of our humorous columnists. He was born in Philadelphia. Since his college days, at Fordham University, in New York City, he has been associated with newspaper work. For a time he was editorial writer on the *Philadelphia Record*, then general manager of the *Catholic Standard and Times* in Philadelphia, associate editor of the *Evening Ledger*, and, since 1929, columnist for the *Evening Bulletin*. He was at one time president of the American Press Humorists Association. His poems, many of which are written in Italian or Irish dialect, comprise seven volumes.

Dandridge, Ray Garfield (1882-1930), was a Negro poet who wrote mainly of his own race. He attended grammar and high school in Cincinnati, Ohio, his birthplace. Due to an illness, in 1912, he lost the use of both legs and of his right arm. After that, most of his writing was done with his left hand as he lay flat on his back in bed. Two volumes of his verse were published during his life. Some of his best poems have appeared in the *Book of American Negro Poetry*.

Davies, William Henry (1871-), was born of Welsh parents. He had little formal education and for years led the

life of a vagabond. There was a time when he was apprenticed to the picture-frame-making trade, but after his term was over, he left England and became a rover in America. He made eight or nine trips to England on a cattle boat. When the Klondike gold rush was at its height, he started west. On the way, he injured one of his feet and for a time had to give up his vagabond life. Returning to England, he went to London. There his first book of poems was published with money which he had saved. Since then, he has published many other volumes of both poetry and prose. The story of his life is told in *The Autobiography of a Supertramp*. His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1929.

Davis, Fannie Stearns (1884-), was born in Cleveland, Ohio. She was graduated from Smith College in 1904 and taught English in Wisconsin for a year. In 1914 she married Augustus Gifford, and she now lives in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. She has published three volumes of poetry.

DE LA MARE, WALTER (1873-), was born in Kent, England and educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School, London. For eighteen years he was a bookkeeper in the London office of the Anglo-American Oil Company. During this time he began to write literary reviews and soon he was writing poetry and stories for his four children. His first volume of poems, Songs of Childhood, appeared in 1902. Since then, he has written both prose and poetry, and, in 1923, he published an anthology of children's verse, Come Hither. He is a quiet, pleasant man, with an eternally young heart and a keen sense of humor. His children and his garden are his chief interests at home.

Drinkwater, John (1882-1937), was born in Birmingham, England. From the time he was fifteen until he was thirtyone he worked in an insurance office. He was already writing, however, and when he was twenty-one his first volume of poems appeared. Another interest was the theater, and he helped to found the Birmingham Repertory Theater where he served as general manager. In 1918, his *Abraham Lincoln* was produced there, and overnight he became famous. After a long run in London, the play was produced with equal success in New York. Besides his plays, he published more than twenty volumes of verse and critical studies. His hobby was stamp collecting, and he specialized in Confederate stamps.

Dunbar, Paul Laurence (1871-1906), was born in Dayton, Ohio, the son of freed Negro slaves. He was educated in the public schools of Dayton and achieved high honors. For a time, he held a variety of jobs. One of these was as assistant in the reading room of the Congressional Library. When he was twenty-one, he published his first volume of verse. Later he gave public readings from his verse, both in the United States and abroad. He wrote of his own race with understanding and sympathy.

Duncan, Thomas W. (1905-), was born in Iowa. At Harvard, where he was graduated in 1929, he won the Lloyd McKim Garrison prize for a group of poems, From a Harvard Notebook. After graduation he spent two years as a newspaper reporter; and later, for a year, he was a book reviewer on the Des Moines Register. He has published one novel and two volumes of verse, besides more than thirty short stories.

FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD (1886-), was born in Little Rock, Arkansas. He attended Phillips Andover Academy and Harvard. In 1907, he made his first trip to the South-

west with an archaeological expedition. Later, he spent two years in England. There, encouraged by Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell, and Harriet Monroe, he began to write imagist verse. Since 1913, he has published several volumes of verse which were written according to his novel artistic theories. One of his keen interests is Japanese verse, much of which he has translated and published. He is now living in Little Rock.

Frantz, Laurent B. (1913-), was born in Nashville, Tennessee. He was graduated from the University of Tennessee in liberal arts in 1932 and in law in 1935. His only published poem, "Freight Car," first appeared in *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*.

Frost, Robert (1875-), was born in San Francisco, but he has spent most of his life in New England and all his affection centers on its hillside farms, its stone walls, its taciturn conservative villagers. For a short time, he took courses at Dartmouth and later at Harvard. In 1912, he went to England and there published his first volume of poems. At the end of three years he returned home and, since 1915, he has published several volumes of poetry. He has lectured in various colleges; for two years he was "poet in residence" at the University of Michigan. Three times, in 1924, 1930, and 1937, he won the Pulitzer prize for poetry. His home is in Vermont where he writes and farms.

Garrison, Theodosia (Mrs. Frederic J. Faulks, 1874-), was born in Newark, New Jersey. She was educated at private schools. In 1911 she married Frederic J. Faulks, and now lives in Short Hills, New Jersey. Her first volume of poetry appeared in 1909. Since then she has published two more. She has contributed both stories and poetry to magazines.

GESSLER, CLIFFORD FRANKLIN (1893-), was born in Wisconsin and educated in the state university. When he was old enough to reach the cases by standing on a box, he learned to set type by hand in his father's printing plant. He grew up "composing" poems directly from his mind to the type, without the intervention of the written word. And the poems which he composed were published in newspapers and magazines. After graduating from Milton College, he took graduate courses at the University of Wisconsin, then he taught, did museum work, and began writing book reviews and special articles for newspapers in the Middle West. In 1931 he went to Honolulu where he became literary editor for the Honolulu Star-Bulletin. For a year he was instructor in verse writing at the University of Hawaii. As reporter for the Honolulu Star-Bulletin and the Associated Press, he accompanied the naval air search for Commander John Rodgers at the time of the attempted trans-Pacific flight in 1925. In 1934, aboard an 89-foot sampan, he accompanied the Mangareva expedition of the Bishop Museum, Honolulu, to the Line Islands, Society Islands, and Tuamotu Archipelago. Here he lived for three months in a native village, studying Polynesian language and customs. In March, 1935, he joined the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau, and is now associated with that organization at its San Francisco office. He has published two volumes of poetry and frequently contributes to magazines. Of interest in connection with "Canoe Nights" is the fact that, when living in Hawaii, he won four prizes for distance swimming.

Guiterman, Arthur (1871-), was born in Vienna of American parents. He was graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1891. For fifteen years he did editorial work on various periodicals and contributed humorous

verse to magazines, much of which has been collected in several delightful volumes. For three years he conducted classes in newspaper and magazine verse in the School of Journalism of New York University. In addition to humorous verse, he has also written ballads and lyrics.

HAGEDORN, HERMANN (1882-), was born in New York City. He was graduated from Harvard and, after graduate study in the University of Berlin, returned to Harvard to teach. His early writing was done for the theater; pageants, masques, and plays were written and produced on special occasions. He also wrote and delivered several occasional poems for Phi Beta Kappa and for his twenty-fifth class reunion. Besides his biography of Theodore Roosevelt and A Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt, he edited the Memorial Edition of the works of Roosevelt. He is now a trustee of the Executive Committee of the Roosevelt Memorial Association. In addition to his poetry, plays, and biographies, he has written three novels. He lives in New York.

HILL, FRANK ERNEST (1888-), was born in San Jose, California. After graduating from Leland Stanford University, he taught at the University of Illinois, Stanford, and Columbia. During the World War, he was in the Air Service. Later he worked for the Aeroplane and Motor Corporation. Of recent years he has been active in journalism, publishing, and teaching. With Joseph Auslander, he edited *The Winged Horse* and *The Winged Horse Anthology*. His own writing includes travel and juvenile fiction as well as poetry. He writes of machines in terms of their meaning in relation to man.

HILLYER, ROBERT S. (1895-), was born in New Jersey. In 1917, after his graduation from Harvard, he was awarded

a fellowship to study in Copenhagen. But when the United States entered the World War, he gave up his university work and served as an ambulance driver. When he returned home, he became successively instructor in English at Harvard, professor at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, and professor at Harvard, where he now is lecturing. He has published one novel, several essays and translations, and nine volumes of verse. He has a country home in Connecticut.

HOYT, HELEN (1887-), was born in Norwalk, Connecticut. She attended Barnard College in New York, and in 1911 went to Chicago to become an associate editor of *Poetry*. After two years she went to California, where she married W. W. Lyman. Her home is now in Hollywood. She has published three volumes of verse and has had over two hundred poems printed in nearly twenty magazines. "Ellis Park" was published in *Poetry* in 1913.

Hughes, Langston (1902-), is one of the youngest Negro poets. He was born in Missouri, but his early life was spent in Kansas. He studied at Lincoln University, Nebraska, and later at Columbia University. From 1922-1925 he led an adventurous life, working as a seaman on boats going to Europe and Africa. In 1925 he won first prize in a poetry contest offered to Negro writers by *Opportunity*. Eventually he went to the University of Mexico, where he taught English literature. For some time he has been contributing to magazines and has published three volumes of verse, mainly about Negro life and problems.

Johnson, Burges (1877-), was born in Vermont. He was graduated from Amherst in 1899. For a year he was a reporter on the *New York Evening Post*. In 1900, he became

literary adviser for G. P. Putnam's Sons in New York. After two years he joined the staff of Harper & Brothers and later did editorial work for two magazines. After several years of editorial experience, he went to Vassar College as professor of English. Eleven years later, in 1926, he went to Syracuse University as professor of English and director of public relations; and in 1935 he joined the faculty of Union College. He has published many volumes of verse, most of it addressed to children. In 1931 he published a *New Rhyming Dictionary* and a *Poet's Handbook*.

KILMER, ALINE (1888-), was born in Norfolk, Virginia. She attended private schools in New Jersey. In 1908 she married Joyce Kilmer, the poet, who died ten years later. Since his death, she has published four volumes of verse. For seven years she lectured on poetry, and for one year she was a regular contributor to a weekly magazine. She is still an occasional contributor of both prose and verse to various magazines. Her home is in Stillwater, New Jersey.

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865-1936), was born in Bombay, India. He was educated in England and returned to India in 1882. For seven years he wrote for the Anglo-Indian press; he went to China, Japan, America, Africa, and Australasia. For a time he lived in Vermont, but eventually he returned to England, where he made his home. He was honored by many foreign governments and colleges and, in 1907, was awarded the Nobel prize for literature. His poems fill an enormous volume (Inclusive Edition, 1885-1918). He is an acknowledged master of short story writing, whether the stories be of Anglo-Indian life (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), children's stories (the *Jungle Books* and *Just So Stories*), or tales of ghosts and terror (*The Phantom Rickshaw, At the End of the*

Passage, The Mark of the Beast). Of his novels, Kim is already a classic. When he was a young man of thirty-two, he wrote the poem "Recessional" in honor of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee. Nearly forty years later, one of his last poems was written in honor of the twenty-fifth jubilee of King George V of England.

Koenig, Eleanor O'Rourke (1893-), was born in Easthampton, Massachusetts, a small town in the midst of very beautiful country. She spent many of her days exploring the woods and many evenings listening to the folk tales told by her Irish grandmother. Since her marriage, she has lived in Hartford, Connecticut, where she has identified herself with many poetry activities in the community. For eight years she conducted the "Poets' Column" in the *Hartford Courant*. She has contributed to leading poetry magazines, and published three volumes of verse.

Knibbs, Harry Herbert (1874-), born in Clifton, Ontario, Canada, has for years made his home in the United States. He attended two Ontario colleges and later attended Harvard for three years. Here he wrote his first novel as a part of class work. His first volume of poetry appeared in 1908, and since then he has published seventeen volumes, the last in 1933. Many of his poems are about the West. He now lives in California.

Kreymborg, Alfred (1883-), is an experimentalist in his ideas and technique of writing poetry. He believes that poetry should be known and created in every American town. He has published several anthologies of American verse, among them Lyric America, Our Singing Strength, and American Caravan. He often lectures on poetry and, for

illustration, reads his own poems. In 1930 he spent the year lecturing at Oxford. His interest in the drama has led him to write several plays. He was first to introduce free verse into drama, and this he did in his *Plays for Poem Mimes*. He frequently gives puppet shows, using these dramas, before schools and clubs.

LECHLITNER, RUTH N. (1901-), was born in Indiana. She has studied at the University of Michigan and at the University of Iowa. She has done editorial work on *The Midland*, A Magazine of the West, and has contributed to numerous other magazines. She has also written critical reviews for several periodicals. She now lives in Cold Spring, New York.

Ledwidge, Francis (1891-1917), was born in County Meath, Ireland. He was a peasant boy with little education; he had worked as a farmhand and a laborer; but he was writing creditable poetry by the time he was sixteen. Lord Dunsany, who was his captain in the Fusiliers, during the World War, encouraged him in his writing and sponsored his two books of verse, *Songs of the Fields* (1914) and *Songs of Peace* (1916). He was only twenty-six when he was killed in action. After his death, Lord Dunsany made a collection of his poems which was published in 1919.

Lee, Agnes (Mrs. Otto Freer), was born in Chicago of New England parents. Most of her childhood was spent in Switzerland. Even while she was very young she was writing verses for St. Nicholas. These were later collected in her first volume, The Round Rabbit. She has now published five volumes of verse as well as translations from Gautier, the French poet. An article in the English Town and Country Review says of

her, "Here is a poet who declares that she read the poets perfunctorily during school years and that her real love of art was fostered in her home. She and her brothers and sisters were made to realize the best things in poetry and music. When asked how she writes, she declares she hardly knows herself. She rarely undertakes to write a poem in a certain meter. Arising thoughts seem to take their own form."

Le Gallienne, Richard (1866—), was born in Liverpool, England. He was educated at Liverpool College. For seven years he tried a business career, but abandoned it in favor of literature. For a time he was private secretary to Wilson Barrett, the actor and manager. Later he worked on London newspapers. Then he came to the United States, where he made his home for twenty years. Eventually he went to Paris, where he is now living. By his second wife, he is the father of Eva Le Gallienne, the American actress. He has written ten volumes of poetry and edited two anthologies. He has also written novels, short stories, criticisms, and essays.

Lesemann, Maurice (1899-), was born in Chicago. At the University of Chicago, from which he was graduated, he was president of the Poetry Club. For a time he lived in New Mexico. He is now in California, writing both fiction and poetry.

Letts, Winifred M. (1887-), was born in Dublin, Ireland. She was educated at Alexandra College, Dublin. She has always been interested in Irish peasant life; in fact, an article in the *Dublin Review* called her "a poet of the streets." During the World War she served as a nurse at base hospitals, and that experience resulted in a volume of war poems, *The Spires of Oxford*. Besides four volumes of poems and several books for children, she has written three novels and

two plays. The dramas were performed at the Abbey Theater in Dublin.

LINDSAY, VACHEL (1879-1931), was born in Springfield, Illinois. For a time he studied at the Chicago Art Institute and the New York School of Art. By 1913 he had begun sending poems to Poetry. In 1912 he made a walking tour from Illinois to New Mexico, distributing rhymes in return for a night's lodging, and speaking in behalf of the "gospel of beauty." Later he lectured and recited his poetry in many parts of the United States and England. A large part of every year he spent at his home, writing poetry. At the time of his death he had published twelve volumes of verse. Many of his poems are accompanied by directions for reading (see page 123). This was in agreement with his theory that each of his poems was to be somewhat spoken and somewhat sung, according to the mood of the reader. Those who were fortunate enough to hear him read his own poems never forgot his mood in doing so. Phonographic records of his own recitations are preserved in the library of Columbia University. In 1928 Poetry announced an award of honor of five hundred dollars for the "high distinction of his best work."

Lomax, John A. (1870-), was born in Mississippi. He was educated in Texas and received the B.A. and M.A. degrees at the University of Texas. He has also studied at the University of Chicago and at Harvard. He has been an instructor and professor of English at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. Texan stories and songs have been his special study. His collection of cowboy songs has won for him a place among students of American folklore.

Maas, Willard, was born in Lindsay, California. He was educated at San Jose State College and at the University of

California. His Fire-Testament: A First Book of Poems was published in 1935. He now makes his home in New York, where he is writing book reviews and contributing poems to many magazines.

MacLeish, Archibald (1892-), was born in Illinois. After graduating from Yale, he studied law at Harvard and received his degree. His first volume of poetry was published on the eve of his departure for France in 1917 as captain in the American Expeditionary Force. After two years in service, he returned to Harvard as an instructor. Later, for three years, he practiced law in Boston. Then he definitely gave up law and, with his wife and two children, went to live in France. He has traveled extensively in the Mediterranean and as far east as Persia. He has published seven volumes of poetry. His long narrative, *Conquistador*, a tale of the Spanish conquest of Mexico, won the Pulitzer prize in 1932. In 1939 he was appointed Librarian of Congress.

MAGARET, HELENE (1906-), was born in Omaha, Nebraska. She was graduated from Barnard College, New York. Several magazines have published certain of her lyrics. *The Trumpeting Crane*, a narrative poem, was published in 1934 and another, "The Great Horse," in 1937. She now lives in Omaha.

Markham, Edwin (1852-), was born in Oregon City, Oregon. He was raised to young manhood in California where he worked on a cattle ranch. When he was eighteen, he decided that he wanted to teach. He entered the California State Normal School at San Jose. In a long life he has written many poems, but "The Man with the Hoe" (a poem inspired by Millet's famous painting and published in 1899) is

his outstanding work. He has written some very challenging poetry.

Marquis, Donald (1878-1937), was born in Illinois. His education included some clerking and farming as well as academic training at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois. For a time he studied at the Corcoran School of Art, Washington, D. C., and some time later he acted with a stock company. Then he worked on several newspapers in New York, Washington, and Atlanta. While he was on the Atlanta Journal he formed a warm friendship with Joel Chandler Harris of "Uncle Remus" fame. For a time he conducted "The Sun Dial," a column in the New York Evening Sun. Of varied interests and abilities, he published humorous sketches, short stories, novels, plays, and three volumes of serious verse.

MASEFIELD, JOHN (1874-), was born in Herefordshire, England, the son of a lawyer. From childhood he had shown such a love of the sea that his parents apprenticed him, at fourteen, to a shipmaster as a cabin boy. Then he wandered on foot through various countries, and for a time he worked in New York City. This was a period of intense interest in reading, especially in the older English poets, essayists, and novelists. When he was twenty-two, he returned to London with his mind finally made up to devote himself to literature, For over ten years he worked patiently, and then the publication of The Everlasting Mercy, which won the Edmond de Polignac prize in 1912, made him famous. After that he published many volumes of verse, essays, plays, and novels. During the World War he served with the Red Cross in France and at Gallipoli, fitting out a hospital ship at his own expense. After the war he made a lecture tour of the United States. In 1923, he published his Collected Poems. In 1930 England honored him by making him poet laureate.

McCarthy, John Russell (1889), was born in Huntington, Pennsylvania. He attended Juniata College and Pennsylvania State College. For a time he was editor of a Huntington weekly newspaper. In 1920 he moved to California, where he has been employed as an advertising writer, magazine editor, and editor for a publishing house. He has published three volumes of verse and one volume of essays, and he has edited a series of nine volumes called *California*. In 1928 he was awarded the John Burroughs Memorial Medal.

McCrae, John (1872-1918), was born in Guelph, Ontario, of Scottish pioneer parents. He took his A.B. and later his degree in medicine at the University of Toronto. For a year he served with the Canadian army in South Africa in the Boer War. In 1900 he was a Fellow in Pathology at McGill University. He enlisted immediately on the outbreak of the World War and, after a few months at the front, was sent to a hospital in Boulogne, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Three years of tireless service there doubtless lowered his resistance to an attack of pneumonia, which caused his death. A year later his volume of poems was published.

MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT (1892-), was born in Rockland, Maine. She was graduated from Vassar College. When she was only nineteen years old, she wrote the poem "Renascence," which was immediately recognized as the work of a talented poet. For six years she lived in Greenwich Village, New York City. Here she not only wrote poetry but also wrote and acted for the Provincetown Players. In 1923 her collection of verse, The Harp-Weavers, was awarded the Pulitzer prize. In 1927 she wrote the libretto for The King's Henchman, an opera by Deems Taylor. This was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. In 1931 she published a collection of fifty-two love sonnets called

Fatal Interview. Besides many contributions to Poetry, she has published ten volumes of poetry and a volume of translations from Baudelaire, the French poet. In 1923 she married Eugen Boissevain.

Monro, Harold (1879-1932), was born in Brussels, Belgium, of English parents. He was educated in France and at Cambridge, England. Later he spent a few years tramping in Ireland and on the Continent. In 1908 his first volume of verse was published, and two years later he founded a poetry magazine, *Poetry and Drama*. In 1912 he opened the Poetry Bookshop in London, where he sold volumes of verse and organized poetry readings. He had a genius for encouraging other poets and promoting fellowship, but he was so modest about his own verse that it appeared only in anthologies. After his death, his wife published his *Collected Poems*.

Monroe, Harriet (1860-1936). Americans owe a debt of gratitude to her for the interest which she stimulated in poetry. She was the founder and editor of Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, which has given encouragement and opportunity to many young American and British poets. She was the author of Chosen Poems, selections from her earlier books of poems and of modern plays in verse. She was also the author of Poets and Their Art, essays on modern poets, verse technique, and other allied subjects. With Alice Corbin Henderson, she edited the twentieth-century anthology, The New Poetry, and was sole editor of the 1932 revised edition of this book.

Moore, Elizabeth Evelyn (1892-), was born in Pough-keepsie, New York, of Irish and French parentage. She was educated in public and private schools. She became a jour-

nalist by profession. For some time she contributed poetry to magazines and newspapers before turning her talent to songs. Up to the present time she has written the words for two hundred concert songs which have been sung by many artists. She prefers to be known as a lyric writer rather than as a poet. She is the wife of Richard De Sylva, the violinist, and, besides her writing, pursues her favorite recreations of hiking, swimming, cooking, and gardening.

Morgan, Angela, was born in Washington, D. C. She was educated in private schools. After attending Columbia University, she became a newspaper writer, first in Chicago, then in New York, and later in Boston. At the present time she is teaching at the Ogontz School, Pennsylvania. She often gives readings from her ten volumes of verse. Probably the most distinguished gathering before which she ever appeared was at Washington, D. C., where she read an original poem, "The Unknown Soldier," over the bier of the unknown soldier. She was the first woman to occupy the pulpit of Chapel Royal, Savoy, London, where she had been asked to read from her own poems. In a recent contest for a new American anthem, she won the prize.

Morley, Christopher (1890), was born in Haverford, Pennsylvania. He was graduated from Haverford College, and for three years was a Rhodes scholar in Oxford. Of both places he later wrote very affectionately. His first editorial work was in magazine and publishing fields. In 1918 he went to work for the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. By 1920 he was in New York working on the *New York Evening Post* as literary editor. There he conducted a column, "The Bowling Green," which he continued when he helped to establish the *Saturday Review of Literature*, a literary periodical. A ver-

satile writer, he is at once an essayist, travel writer, playwright, novelist, poet, and anthologist.

NICHOLS, ROBERT MALISE BOWYER (1893-), was born in Essex, England. He was educated at Winchester and at Trinity College, Oxford. While an undergraduate of twenty-one, he enlisted immediately at the outbreak of the World War. He was invalided out of service in 1916, having been severely wounded and shell-shocked. In 1918 he was a member of the British Mission which lectured in the United States. For three years he was professor of English Literature at the Imperial University, Tokyo, where he occupied the same position held years earlier by Lafcadio Hearn. On returning to England, he devoted himself to writing. His first volume of verse was published in 1915. He has now published three volumes, and has collaborated with Maurice Browne, the theater manager, in writing the very successful war play, Wings over Europe.

Noyes, Alfred (1880), was born in Staffordshire, England. He was educated at Oxford. For nearly ten years (1913-1923) he lived in the United States. During this time he held the chair of Modern English Literature at Harvard and at Princeton. His wide range of writing includes essays, novels, short stories, and poetic dramas; but the bulk of his work is poetry, of which he has published three large volumes. His ability to tell a good story is revealed in much of his poetry.

PHILLIPS, HARRY IRVING (1887-), was born in New Haven, Connecticut. In 1911 he became managing editor of the New Haven Register. Six years later he came to New York to work on the New York Globe. He conducted a column for six years, and then went to the New York Sun,

where he is now writing a column, "The Sun Dial." He is also syndicating articles, mainly about New York life. He has published three books, including a life of Calvin Coolidge in 1933.

Powers, Jessica (1905-), was born in Mauston, Wisconsin. She has contributed verse to *Poetry*, A Magazine of Verse.

Piper, Edwin Ford (1871-), was born in Nebraska. He was graduated from the University of Nebraska and remained to do some graduate work. This he continued later at Harvard. He returned to his university to teach, and in 1905 became associated with the English Department of the State University of Iowa, at Iowa City. He has published three volumes of poetry and has written many articles and poems for magazines.

Reid, Dorothy E. (1900-), was born in Bucyrus, Ohio. She was graduated from Ohio State University. She has been a newspaper reporter, a publicity director, a writer of radio plays and continuities, and a book editor of *St. Nicholas*. At present she is editor of *Current Events*, a school newspaper. She has had one volume of poems published, and has contributed poetry to numerous magazines and anthologies.

RICE, CALE YOUNG (1872-), is a native of Kentucky, where he now makes his home. After attending Cumberland University and Harvard, he began to write. His long range of writing includes poetic dramas, poems, and novels, two of which appeared in 1923 and 1929. With his wife, Alice Caldwell Hegan, the author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, he has written many short stories.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB (1853-1916), is called "the poet of the Middle West." Indiana, the state of his birth, has made his birthday a state holiday. Long before he devoted himself to writing, he tried sign painting, acting, and newspaper work. Although in his writing he held to the traditional type of English verse, he made it vivid by his adroit mixture of humor and sentiment and by his vocabulary, much of which was Hoosier dialect. Of his many poems, "The Raggedy Man" and "Little Orphant Annie" are perhaps among the most familiar.

Robinson, Corinne Roosevelt (1861-1933), was the "Conie" of Theodore Roosevelt's boyhood diary—his younger sister, to whom he was always devoted. She was born in New York City. In her early twenties she married Douglas Robinson, a financier, who died in 1918. During the World War, she was active in the Red Cross. She worked in a Salvation Army camp and lectured during the Liberty Loan drives. After the war, she established the New York City Commission of Fatherless Children of France. She was director of the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association and a member of the board of supervisors of the New York Orthopedic Hospital. In the midst of these activities, she found time to write, and besides two volumes of poetry, she wrote a book about her brother, My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt.

Rose, Robert N., is a graduate of Fordham University and of Fordham Law School. He has practised law since his admission to the bar, and is at present counsel to the Insurance Department of the State of New York. While he was taking his law courses, he taught English in the high-school division of Loyola School in New York City. His poems have appeared in the Fordham Monthly and The Commonweal.

Russell, Sydney King, has published three volumes of verse: Golden Snare (1928), Lost Warrior (1931), and Bright Avowal (1933). The last volume is a sonnet sequence of a collection of poems written in sonnet form. He is a frequent contributor to magazines.

SANDBURG, CARL (1878-), was born in Illinois, the son of Swedish immigrants. He could attend school only until he was thirteen, and then he worked at several trades until he was twenty. That year he enlisted for service in the Spanish-American War and was sent to Puerto Rico. After his return, he worked his way through Lombard College, Galesburg, Illinois. Then he roamed through the Middle West as a salesman and also as an organizer for the Social-Democrat Party of Wisconsin. For two years he was secretary to the mayor of Milwaukee. In 1918 he was sent to Stockholm as correspondent for a newspaper agency. He not only writes poetry but lectures on it. His American Songbag (1927) is a collection of folk songs. Some of these he sings to his audience when his lecture is over. He has published seven volumes of verse besides his prose tales for children and his life of Lincoln, The Prairie Years. In his verse he shows a very free technique. Using no standard meters, he has expressed the wish to reproduce the impressions which all phases of life make upon him.

SARETT, Lew (1888-), was born of French and Polish parents in Chicago. When he was very young his family moved to Marquette, Michigan, on the shores of Lake Superior, and here he gained his first love of the out-of-doors. When he was ten years old, the family moved back to Chicago. In order to get some education, Sarett attended night classes at Hull House. By working summers as a guide in the northern woods, he was able to attend the University of

Michigan. Later he studied at Harvard and at the University of Illinois, where he took his law degree. As soon as possible, he went back to the outdoor life as a woodsman, guide, and United States forest ranger, and soon he began to teach during the winter months. For a time he taught English at the University of Illinois. Since 1921 he has been professor of argumentation at Northwestern University. With his teaching, he combines lecturing on the Indians and the Canadian North. He began writing by translating some of the Indian chants which he heard in camps. He has published four volumes of his own verse.

Seeger, Alan (1888-1916), was born in New York City, but much of his childhood was spent in Mexico. He was educated at various eastern public and private schools. In 1906 he was graduated from Harvard. In 1913 he sailed for Paris, where he studied until the World War broke out. He immediately enlisted in the Foreign Legion and served for almost two years. He was killed in action on July 4, 1916. His one volume of poems was published posthumously in 1917.

Service, Robert William (1874-), was born in England. He was educated in Glasgow. In 1895 he emigrated to Canada. For a time he farmed in Vancouver, then traveled up and down the Pacific Coast. In 1905, he joined the staff of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Victoria, British Columbia. He was later transferred to the Yukon Territory, where he remained for eight years. Many of his poems date from this period. From 1913 to 1916 he was in Europe as war correspondent and ambulance driver. After the war he remained in Paris to write.

SHANE, ELIZABETH (a pseudonym), was born in Ulster Province, Irish Free State, and has spent most of her life in Belfast and Carrickfergus. Music, not writing, is her profession. She studied the violin at the Royal Academy of Music in London and was elected an associate of that Institute in 1913. Sailing is her hobby, and during the summer she spends many hours on the west coast of Donegal, where she hires a fishing boat and sails among the bays and islands about which she writes.

Sigerson, Dora (1866-1918), a very gifted Irish writer, came from a family which was socially and intellectually prominent and also actively interested in Irish politics. Her interest in writing early identified her with the Irish literary revival. After her marriage to Clement Shorter in 1895, she went to live in England. But she remained devoted to Ireland and, no doubt, worry over the situation there hastened her death in January, 1918. She wrote many short stories, and her ballads were praised by George Meredith as the best since those of Sir Walter Scott.

SMITH, CICELY Fox, was born in England toward the close of the last century. Several years spent on the Pacific coast of Canada gave her opportunity to indulge her passion for ships and the sea. She writes: "I wish I might truthfully tell you that I was a sea captain's daughter and had sailed with him on all his voyages. That is what some of my unknown correspondents have surmised. Also, I frequently receive letters from sailormen who do not know my sex asking if I am not an old shipmate." Her writing includes novels as well as verse.

Snow, Charles Wilbert (1884-), was born in Maine. After studying in Bowdoin College and Columbia University, he set out to see different sections of the country by teaching in different colleges. Some of these were New York

University, Williams College, Indiana University, the University of Utah, and Reed College, Portland, Oregon. He even went to Alaska to teach the Eskimos. Here he also acted as reindeer agent. After the war he went to Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, where he is still professor of English. He goes back to Maine frequently, and his three volumes of verse are about life in Maine.

STEPHENS, James (1882-), was born in Dublin. The son of a poor family, he earned money for his education by typing for a Dublin lawyer. His talent for verse was discovered by a famous older poet, George William Russell (A.E.), who sponsored Stephens's first volume of poetry, in 1909. He did not win public recognition, however, until 1912, when his novel, *The Crock of Gold*, was published. Since then he has published ten volumes of poetry, as well as miscellaneous prose and fiction. He is assistant curator in the National Gallery in Dublin.

Strong, Leonard A. G. (1896-), was born in Devonshire, England, of Irish and English parents. Much of his childhood was spent on the hills near Dublin and on the English moors. He was educated at private schools and at Wadham College, Oxford. Kept out of the army by ill health, he taught for twelve years at Summer Fields, a preparatory school near Oxford. His first volume of verse, which appeared in 1921, included Irish characters of wit who spoke in amusing dialects. In addition to his poetry, he writes fiction and criticism. He is now devoting all his time to writing. He enjoys music, walking in the country, swimming, and talking dialects to his country friends.

Towne, Charles Hanson (1877-), was born in Kentucky, but he now says that he could never be happy long

away from New York. He was educated in the schools of New York and for a time attended the College of the City of New York. Then he turned to magazine work, and until 1926 he edited three different magazines. In 1926 he went to Harper's Bazaar, which he edited for five years. He has written words for music by well-known composers, has published several volumes of verse, and is now conducting a daily literary column for a New York newspaper. Noted for his genial, wholehearted interest in everything and everybody, he is popular among a large circle of friends in New York.

Turner, Nancy Byrd (1880-), was born in Boydton, Virginia. She was educated at a private school in Maryland. For a few years she did editorial work in Boston. She now devotes all of her time to writing. She has published several volumes of poetry, and several short stories for boys and girls, and she frequently contributes to American and English magazines. In 1934 she was appointed to write and deliver the official Ode for the Maryland Tercentenary Celebration. She makes her home in Virginia.

Untermeyer, Louis (1885-), was born and educated in New York City. In his youth he wished to be a composer. At sixteen he was appearing as a semiprofessional pianist. At seventeen he entered his father's jewelry manufacturing business, where he remained as designer, factory manager, and vice-president until 1923. After studying abroad for two years, he returned to America to devote himself entirely to literature. His writing is of four kinds: poetry, parodies, translations, and literary criticism. He has compiled several poetry anthologies, which from time to time he has revised and enlarged. He now lives on a farm in the Adirondacks, where he has a trout stream and half a mountain of sugar maples—a lifelong desire fulfilled.

VAN DYKE, HENRY (1852-1933), was graduated from Princeton in 1873. After several years of graduate work, he was ordained a Presbyterian minister. He held several pastorates. In 1900 he was made professor of English at Princeton University. With the exception of four years when he was United States minister to the Netherlands and for a time to Luxemburg, he remained at Princeton for twenty-three years. He took an active part in many learned societies of which he was a member, and during his lifetime published nearly fifty volumes of poetry, sermons, criticism, and essays.

Weaver, John V. A. (1893-1938), was born in Charlotte, North Carolina. After studying at Harvard and at Columbia, he did newspaper work on the *Chicago Daily News*. When he returned from service during the World War, he was made literary editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. For a time he devoted himself to free-lancing, but in 1928 he joined the staff of Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation. He wrote three novels and six volumes of verse.

Welles, Winifred (1893-), was born in Norwichtown, Connecticut. She was educated in private schools. For a time she was one of the editors of *The Measure*, a poetry magazine which had a short but interesting career. She has published three volumes of poetry, the first one appearing in 1920. Since her marriage to Harold H. Shearer she has lived in New York City.

Wells, Carolyn, born in New Jersey, has spent most of her life living and writing in New York City. She has been writing since 1900, and the long list of her volumes includes humorous verse, parodies, stories for children, anthologies, and, most recently, mystery novels.

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER (1865-1939), was born in Dublin and spent his childhood on the west coast of Ireland. He went to school at Hammersmith, near London, and Dublin, where he studied art. His father was an artist who passed his later years in New York. At the age of twenty-one, Yeats decided that he preferred literature to art. With "A.E.," Dunsany, and Lady Gregory, he helped to establish the Abbey Theater, and for a time he directed it. Many of his plays were written for this theater. In 1923 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. In 1927 he published a collected edition of his verse and prose in six volumes. Another volume, *Poems*, appeared in 1929. Both his verse and his prose are written in a simple style, for, as he expressed it, he tried "to get a style like speech, simple as the simplest prose, like a cry of the heart."

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE POET



SOME POINTS ABOUT THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE POET

FIGURES OF SPEECH

(The lines quoted may be identified by number at the end of the appendix.)

The craftsmanship of the poet has been referred to many times in this book. It has been asserted that careful building and definite art go into the making of poems. Most important is the feeling, seeing, and thinking which precede the writing of a poem. A conception of beauty is born in the poet's mind; it is followed by a desire to tell it to other people. The problem is to tell it so that readers may get it in all the suggestiveness it has for the poet.

On a beautiful May morning, almost anyone will say, "What a lovely day!" Almost-Anyone is speaking in prose. He feels that the world is beautiful; he sees the blossoms and sunshine; he hears the music of birds and water; he feels the magic of growth and renewal so apparent in spring; and he says, "What a lovely day!"

The Poet says,

May is building her house. With apple blooms (1) She is roofing over the glimmering rooms; Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams, And spinning all day at her secret looms, With arras of leaves each wind-sprayed wall She pictureth over, and peopleth it all With echoes and dreams And singing of streams.

At once you know that the poet is talking of the month of May as a person, perhaps as a very busy artist whose duty it is to fill the world with "songs, flowers, and wings"; or perhaps she is a magician taking "the brown leaves spurned of November's feet and changing them back again to spring's."

May is a person, an artist, a magician. You do not feel inclined to dispute that with the poet; you fall under the spell and enjoy the appeal to your imagination. Let the poet speak of May as a human being; it may not be literally true, but you understand him. You know what he means; that is the all-important thing. He is talking to you in figurative language; he is using a figure of speech, one of the tools of the poet's craft.

This particular figure is called *personification*. You understand why, of course. Personification is a figure of speech which attributes human qualities to something inanimate or abstract.

Other Illustrations of Personification

- (2) "I swung my racket at astonished oaks."

 Can oaks feel astonishment?
- (3) She'll bluster till her anchor clatters out—
 She'll fidget, yank and grumble with the tide;
 Yet she grins a little 'neath her battered snout,
 Proud because there's a cargo in her hide.
- (4) The city wakes with a song upon her mouth having death in her eyes

Sometimes poets address inanimate objects as if they were people or absent people as if they were present. Consider the following examples:

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- (5) Good-morning, Life—and all Things glad and beautiful.
- (6) Yes, Poet, I am coming down to earth
- (7) O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
- (8) Mothers, I beg you, heed What hate's dark hand has done;
- (9) Time, you old gypsy man, Will you not stay,

This figure of speech is called apostrophe. It is a very

near relative of personification. Can you tell why?

Our common everyday speech is full of figures of speech. We talk of water smooth as glass; of light like the sun; of a room as warm as toast; of flowers as white as snow. These comparisons of unlike things serve to make our descriptions more vivid. In poetry we find these expressed comparisons used frequently. For example, in "Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn," the bridge seen in the half-light is called "frail as a gossamer." Now a bridge and a gossamer are two very unlike things but the poet finds them similar. It is the misty morning light which makes the bridge appear to be so fragile and delicate that it can be said to resemble a very fine spider web.

This expressed comparison of two *unlike* things is called a *simile*. In the following stanza are two similes; can you find them?

Locomotives and trains
 Swell out of the dawn and dwindle and vanish in twilight.
 At noon they are fierce as lean gushes of lava, At night they are eager and lonely as stars.

Sometimes poets leave out the *like* or as in a comparison and then what might have been a simile becomes a metaphor.

(11) While the rain-strung sky is a fiddle For the wind to feel and fret.

The sky is a fiddle—a metaphor. What is the fiddle's bow? Just for practice, put this entire metaphor in simple prose

which exposes the comparison.

"The road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor"; why is this a metaphor? Sometimes comparisons in metaphors are not so obvious. Can you find them in the following passages?

- (12) The fog comes
 On little cat feet.
- (13) Hissing light
 Blossomed and guttered out.
- (14) Below they watch us winging, mile on mile,
 Five golden birds that purr against the sky.
- (15) Wake! The silver dusk returning
 Up the beach of darkness brims,
 And the ship of sunrise burning
 Strands upon the eastern rims.
- (16) The driftwood of the town who have no roof-top, and no home!

Blow out the candle used to be a common expression. No one misinterpreted it; no one thought it meant anything but blow out the light. Light and candle are so closely associated in our minds that one may be used for the other without sacrifice of clearness. The pen is mightier than the sword is another illustration of this figure called metonymy. That

name comes from two Greek words which mean *change* and *name*. You see how the name suggests the significance of the figure.

Try to tell what names are changed in the following exam-

ples of metonymy:

(17) Gray ghosts of men
Sucked cold of fire by stone and
steel and clay;

- (18) And apple-blossoms fill the air—
- (19) When Nations crowned you with their bays.
- (20) I built a house of sticks and mud, And God built one of flesh and blood.
- (21) In the shudder of the snows.

Often in our everyday speech, we convey a meaning forcefully by saying exactly the opposite of what we mean. Poets use this figure also and we must watch carefully or we shall miss their real meaning. Consider this:

Does it matter—losing your sight? . . .
There's such splendid work for the blind;

This figure of speech is called *irony* from a Greek word which means *veil*. Is the meaning veiled or is it quite clear to a good reader? It must be true that you have sometimes heard people exaggerate greatly in order to be impressive. He is as strong as ten giants, we say. Of course, he is not quite so strong as that! Such exaggeration used simply for emphasis is not an untruth but a figure of speech called *hyperbole*. That name literally means "to throw over or beyond."

Here are some poetic examples of hyperbole:

MODERN VERSE

- (23) "Oh! Love," they said, "is King of Kings,
 And Triumph is his crown,
 Earth fades in flame before his wings,
 And Sun and Moon bow down."
- (24) "I'll make ye Queen o' the Ocean!" swore he.
- (25) Million upon million fleeing feet in passing Trample down our prayers— . . .

These figures of speech, personification, apostrophe, simile, metaphor, metonymy, irony, hyperbole, are the ones you will find most frequently in poetry. If lines seem to say strange things which you know cannot be literally true, study them in order to see whether or not they contain figures of speech. A good reader must be able to recognize figurative language and to understand it.

Six Other Figures of Speech

I. Climax

With the climax you are already familiar; it is used in prose as well as in poetry. One of the best examples of it in this volume is "A Song of Men" (p. 61).

2. Antithesis

Antithesis, "to set against," is a contrast of ideas. See the poem "Between Two Loves" (p. 88).

3. Allegory

Allegory is a giant metaphor, conveyed in story form. The meaning behind the metaphor is usually left for us to discover. In the Middle Ages, the kind of allegories that dealt with animals were called fables. An example of the fable is "Etiquette" (p. 39). Real allegories are usually longer than any poem in this volume.

4. Interrogation

Interrogation is the use of questions which expect no answer, but are used for the force they lend. In "To the Yearners" (p. 19), the questions are much more humorous than statements would be.

5. Exclamation

Exclamation, naturally, is the use of something stronger than statements. "The Road of the Refugees" (p. 122) combines this with interrogation.

6. Epigram

An epigram is a brief, pointed, often witty thought. "Epitaphs: For a Mouthy Woman" (p. 55) is a very good example of epigram.

MORE ABOUT CRAFTSMANSHIP

VERSIFICATION

The pages of a book of poetry look different from those of prose because poetry is set down in varying patterns. Prose patterns have more similarity; there are chiefly the sentence, paragraph, and chapter divisions. But a poet usually chooses a distinct pattern for his poem and makes his thought conform to the pattern. This statement holds true if the poet is what is called the traditional poet.

(26) O, to have a little house!

To own the hearth and stool and all!

The heaped up sods upon the fire,

The pile of turf against the wall!

These four lines represent the pattern Padraic Colum chose for his poem, "An Old Woman of the Roads." (See page 57.) Six times he repeated this pattern in the poem.

Now in terms of craftsmanship, the four lines make a stanza; each line is called a verse. The word verse means literally a "furrow" or "row." The stanza is the expression of a complete unit of thought. The thought expressed in the stanza above is the desire for the possession of a home.

How does the poet measure the length of the verses of a stanza? Yet he has determined that

Number One shall be O, to have a little house!
Number TwoTo own the hearth and stool and all!
Number Three The heaped up sods upon the fire,
Number FourThe pile of turf against the wall!

Actually they are measured:

O	to have	a lit	tle house
To own	the hearth	and stool	and all
The heaped	up sods	upon	the fire
The pile	of turf	against	the wall.

Do you see how each one can be broken into four regular measures? Each measure is called a *foot*.

Now something else makes for melody or rhythm. Listen to the beat.

```
O / to have / a lit / tle house /
To own / the hearth / and stool / and all /
The heaped / up sods / upon / the fire /
The pile / of turf / against / the wall. /
```

Each foot has two syllables; the first is unaccented and the second is accented. This particular arrangement makes a foot of poetry called an *iambus* or an *iambic foot*.

One more thing we must observe in this discovery of the pattern of the stanza. Lines two and four chime; that is, they end on the same sound; in lines two and four, wall makes a delightful echo of all. This chime or repetition of

sound is called *rhyme*. Chime and *rhyme* themselves make a rhyme; rhyme depends upon sound and not upon spelling!

Now that we have examined the mechanics of the stanza, let us read it again in order to prove that we have not injured its magic.

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

There it is, as perfect a thing as before because its beauty lies in the combination of thought and form.

The Trochaic Foot

Just as the rhythms of music vary because of the various arrangements of regular recurring beats, so do the rhythms of poetry vary. Another form of poetical foot has two syllables with the first accented and the second unaccented, as in the following:

(27) Love and / glory. /

Each foot is called a trochaic foot. Another illustration is:

(28) Roof-tops, / roof-tops, / this is / what I / wonder. /

The melody is different from the iambic foot. You discover these melodies in rhythms by reading the poem aloud and letting it sing to you.

The Dactylic Foot

Another arrangement of recurring beats is the following:

(29) Charmed into / opening /

and it may also be seen in

(30) Mingled their / sound with the / whirr of the / wheels and the / songs of the / maidens.— /

The effect, you see, is *one*, two, three; *one*, two, three; there are three syllables in each foot, and the first is accented. This measure is the *dactylic foot*.

The Anapestic Foot

Quite a different effect is achieved if a verse contains measures of three syllables with accents on the third syllable; as in

(31) Let it say / what it will /

or in

(32) Where's the dog / wouldn't fight / when his tail / gets a twist /

This measure is called the *anapestic foot*; it has three syllables and the third is accented.

These four common types of measure are used by poets to achieve different musical effects. Very few poems are entirely regular in meter. The poet may vary the feet for the sake of thought or effect. One kind of foot will, however, predominate in the poem.

Names of Verses

Verses are named according to the number of accents they contain. This number may vary from one to eight. If there are six accents, there are six feet to a line. The names by which these lines are known are the combination of the word *meter* and a Greek numeral.

Monometer is a line of one accent. It may be combined in a poem with lines of other lengths.

Stand still /

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Dimeter is a line of two accents.

(33) The long / delay /

(34) Love and / glory /

(35) Take the world / as you please /

(36) "Charge for the / guns," he said.

Trimeter is a line of three accents.

(37) That gold / for Cap / tain Kidd /

Tetrameter is a line of four accents.

(38) Here none / may mock / an emp / ty purse /

(39) Wrinkling / up his / little / face /

(40) Where's the dog / wouldn't fight / when his tail / gets a twist /

Pentameter is a line of five accents.

(41) I took / the craz / y short / cut to / the bay /

(42) "But the tough / est hooray / o' the rack / et," he says, / "I'll be sworn." /

Hexameter is a line of six accents.

(43) When ship / mate meets / with ship / mate in / the ev / ening /

(44) Mingling their / sound with the / whirr of the / wheels and the / songs of the / maidens /

Heptameter is a line of seven accents.

(45) "Och, Mick," / says she, / "may God / be praised / that you / and I / should meet." /

Octameter is a line of eight accents.

(46) Deep in / to the / darkness / peering / long I / stood there / wondering, / fearing /

Rhyme

Rhyme may be used in various ways to give pleasant effects. If two lines rhyme in the following way, the verses have single rhyme.

(47) All day long the traffic *goes*In Lady Street by dingy *rows*

If the words are of more than one syllable and the last two syllables rhyme with those in the succeeding line, the verses have *double rhyme*.

- (48) With a carpet of mosses and lichen and *clover* Each small miracle over and *over*.
- (49) As red as his cheek in the *weather*He waved a sumac-torch of glee
 And preened, like a scarlet *feather*

If the words have three syllables which rhyme, the poem is said to have *triple rhyme*.

(50) Two hundred years is his name *unspoken*The secret of his hoard *unbroken*

Middle rhyme, or internal rhyme, is the rhyme of a syllable in the middle of a line with a syllable at the end of that line:

(51) Come out and *see* what cheer may *be*Who come at *last* from drought and *fast*

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Stanza Forms

A couplet is a poem of two lines with an end rhyme; or it may be used to connote a stanza of varying length:

(52) Up in the mountain it's lonesome all the *time*Sof' win' slewin' th'u the sweet potato *vine*a

A heroic couplet is a stanza of two verses of iambic pentameter which rhyme. The name "heroic" was applied to this form by seventeenth-century poets, with whom it was a favorite. It is used occasionally in modern poetry.

(53) Four walls to work in, each day all day long
Bitter and black and sinister and strong

A tercet is a complete poem of three lines or a stanza of three lines, rhymed or unrhymed:

(54) Where, without bloodshed, can there be a
A more relentless enmity a
Than the long feud fought silently a

This, however, is not always true, but it is true in general. A quatrain is a poem of four lines. It is frequently found in poetry with various rhyme schemes and types of meter. Perhaps the most familiar variation of the quatrain is the ballad stanza. It obtained its name from the "ballad" or simple popular song in olden times. It is formed as follows: lines (or verses) one and three are iambic tetrameter; lines (verses) two and four are iambic trimeter. The rhyme scheme is usually a, b, c, b:

(55) He staggered home, threw down the pick,
And shoved the small door in
Where shadows mingling with the cry
Made all his blood run thin.

A sonnet is a complete poem of fourteen lines of iambic pentameter. Sonnets are of several kinds, but the pattern was

first used by an Italian poet, Petrarch, in the fourteenth century. It was used lated by Shakespeare, who changed the scheme to suit his purposes. Today both kinds of sonnets are used, and they are called the Petrarchan and the Shakespearean, or, more commonly, the Italian and the English. The Italian sonnet has an invariable octave, or first eight lines, but it has a variable sestet, or last six lines:

Ital	lia n	English
	7	а
	Ъ	Ь
	Ъ	а
4	4	Ь
	a	С
(Ь	d
	ь	С
	a	d
C	C	e
d	d	f
e	С	e
c	d	f
d	С	g
e	d	g

"Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn" (page 204) is an example of an Italian sonnet. An example of the English sonnet is "In a Ten Cent Store" (page 205).

Blank verse is poetry without end rhyme. Of any number of lines, it is written in iambic pentameter and usually without division into stanzas. It may have run-on lines, or it may have end-stopped lines, with a pause after each one.

(56) A yawning soldier knelt against the bank, Staring across the morning blear with fog; He wondered when the Allemands would get busy.

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A natural pause within a line is called a *caesura*. Here the line seems to fall into two parts, and a pause may be as dramatic as words:

- (57) Clank of iron shoe, // unshod hooves of cattle Pad of roaming hound, // creak of wheel in turning.
- (58) Break, // break, // break
 On thy cold gray stones, // O sea!

These are some of the principles of versification which the poet employs in fashioning his poem. They are the traditional forms from which the poet chooses. His choice, of course, is guided by the idea which he wishes to express, or the kind of subject matter of which he wishes to write. Knowing how to use any or all of these forms helps to vivify and heighten an experience which the poet may wish to express, and intelligent use of them will distinguish the expression of his experience from those of all others.

The lines quoted in the preceding section may be identified by number in the following list.

- (1) May Is Building Her House by Richard Le Gallienne
- (2) Swimmers by Louis Untermeyer
- (3) Tramp Ship by Robert N. Rose
- (4) Impression IV by E. E. Cummings
- (5) A Greeting by William H. Davies
- (6) To a Poet by Carolyn Wells
- (7) God's World by Edna St. Vincent Millay
- (8) Mothers with Little Sons by Angela Morgan
- (9) Time, You Old Gypsy Man by Ralph Hodgson
- (10) Express Trains by MacKnight Black
- (11) At Twilight by Harriet Monroe
- (12) Fog by Carl Sandburg
- (13) 1960: The Last War by Thomas W. Duncan
- (14) Formation by Frank Ernest Hill

(15) Reveille by A. E. Housman

(16) City Roofs by Charles Hanson Towne

(17) Formation by Frank Ernest Hill

(18) I Have a Rendezvous with Death by Alan Seeger

(19) To My Brother by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

(20) The Two Houses by N. D. Anderson

(21) The Song of the Campfire by Robert W. Service

(22) Does It Matter? by Siegfried Sassoon

(23) Song by Rupert Brooke

(24) Pirate Treasure by Abbie Farwell Brown

(25) The Road of the Refugees by Dora Sigerson

(26) An Old Woman of the Roads by Padraic Colum

(27) The Santa Fé Trail—A Humoresque by Vachel Lindsay

(28) City Roofs by Charles Hanson Towne

(29) Magnolia by John Gould Fletcher

(30) Evangeline by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

(31) Music by Agnes Lee

(32) The Peaceable Race by T. A. Daly

(33) Late Spring by Theodore Maynard

(34) The Santa Fé Trail—A Humoresque by Vachel Lindsay

(35) Choice by Joseph Auslander

(36) The Charge of the Light Brigade by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

(37) The Ballad of the Sandpeep Ghost by Wilbert Snow

(38) The Green Inn by Theodosia Garrison

(39) The Snare by James Stevens

(40) The Peaceable Race by T. A. Daly

(41) Swimmers by Louis Untermeyer

(42) Sing a Song o' Shipwreck by John Masefield

(43) Sailor Town by Cicely Fox Smith

(44) Evangeline by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

(45) In Service by Winifred M. Letts

(46) The Raven by Edgar Allan Poe

(47) In Lady Street by John Drinkwater

(48) May Is Building Her House by Richard Le Gallienne

(49) Little Pan by Witter Bynner

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- (50) Pirate Treasure by Abbie Farwell Brown
- (51) The Green Inn by Theodosia Garrison
- (52) The Mountain Whippoorwill by Stephen Vincent Benét
- (53) Walls by John Russell McCarthy
- (54) Long Feud by Louis Untermeyer
- (55) The Ballad of the Sandpeep Ghost by Wilbert Snow
- (56) Counter-Attack by Siegfried Sassoon
- (57) The Road of the Refugees by Dora Sigerson
- (58) Break, Break, Break by Alfred, Lord Tennyson



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